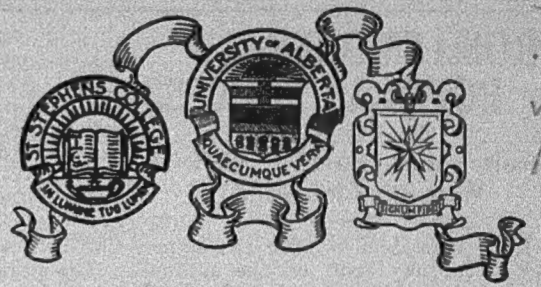


# The Gateway



VOL. XXIV, No. 1.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1938

TEN PAGES

## CALGARY ALTOMAHS TO PLAY HERE THANKSGIVING

### Dr. Wallace Welcomes Students

I have been asked by the Editor of The Gateway to write a word of welcome to the students of the University. I am pleased that it should appear in the first issue of the students' paper for the academic year. I have had occasion to read the paper fairly carefully for five years, and have had the great pleasure of seeing the editor of the paper during the first of these five years rise to a position of considerable importance—for a young man—in newspaper work. The editor and his staff obtain a training that is valuable at the time, and may stand them in good stead later. They have the opportunity to reflect the ideals and aspirations of the University from the student viewpoint, and constructively to discuss wise policies for the future in student statesmanship. They have the rare privilege of discovering and encouraging those who have literary ability, and of giving them a place in the sun. I possess a book which contains the best of the contributions to the students' paper of my old university over many years. It needs no apology.



We wish to see this University rank outstandingly in scholarship and in effective student life. This is a joint responsibility, and we wish to share it together. You are students at a period of quickened tempo, of extraordinary interest, of unusual possibilities for constructive statesmanship. The University will provide the opportunity for you to deepen your knowledge and train your minds. You have in student life the means of developing effective corporate relationships. Our enterprise as staff and students together should equip you to meet the problems of life as it has to be lived today. We bid you most hearty welcome to the University of Alberta.

ROBT. C. WALLACE, President.

### HOW THEY LINE UP

Middle: PARKS	Centre: CAMERON	Middle: GALE
End: KRAMER	Inside: BORGAL	Inside: CREIGHTON
End: HUTTON, W.		
MOIR Quarter:		
Half: SMITH	Half: WILSON	Half: RULE
Half: MORTON		
Subs: Talbot, Gordon, Scott, Richard, Hargreaves, Seminuk, Zander, Hutton, L.		

### GOOD MATERIAL FOR MEN'S TRACK

#### Harold Riley and Other Stars of Last Year Back

This year promises to be a very successful one for track. Four of last year's team are out training again, and are showing good form. Coach Ernie Williams also has some very promising material among the Freshmen.

Harold Riley, Melling and Paster-nack are expected to shine in the sprints, and will probably break some of the interfaculty records.

In the jumps, Woznow and Bun Smith are the most promising, although there seems to be some good new material in these events.

The middle and long distances will be run by Kunelius, Kostash, Gardner and Piercey.

Other competitors who have been doing some concentrated training are K. Thomson, Fred Crosby, Thompson and Garfin.

It is hoped that all the Freshmen will be there to support their faculty, and as many other students as can possibly come. A good program has been arranged for the afternoon, so that the crowd will not be disappointed.

### VACANCIES CALL NEW NOMINATIONS

#### McNeil and Huckvale Elected by Acclamation in Residence

#### House Committee Elections

Last spring the resident men students elected the following House Committee: Bill Robinson (chairman), Pete Gordon, Frank Paegge and Vic Hess. Neither Mr. Paegge and Mr. Hess returned to residence this fall, necessitating the calling of new nominations. Johnny McNeil and Syd Huckvale were the only nominees and so were elected by acclamation.

Under the guidance of these popular students, the House Committee is assured a successful term. Not only is the Men's House Committee responsible for discipline in the Residence, but they too are the benevolent gentlemen responsible for our frequent Saturday night house dances.

### DRAMAT PREPARES EXTENDED PROGRAM

#### Freshman Talent Will Receive Opportunities

For some years the Dramatic Society has been one of the most successful of student organizations on the campus, and for this session it has adopted a program calling for extensive activities, especially those requiring freshmen talent.

Beside the regular Spring and Interyear plays, it has been planned to stage a Concert on Friday, October 27. This will take the form of a one-act play, several skits with Freshmen only in the roles, and musical and tap-dancing numbers, to be followed by a dance in Convocation Hall.

Two main reasons have actuated the Dramatic Society in producing the Concert. The first is the desire to give all students, and freshmen in particular, who are interested in dramatics, an opportunity to take an active part. Those who are desirous of acting or directing, are asked to watch the notice boards, as a meeting will be called, and try-outs will be held in the early part of next week. The second motive for the Concert was to provide something which will put the freshmen on a more intimate footing with their seniors.

Mr. Larry Davis, president of the Dramatic Society, and his competent associates are to be highly commended on the splendid work which the Society is doing to promote drama among the younger students of the University, and it is now up to these to show their appreciation for having such an organization to call their own, by standing solidly behind it and in doing their best to encourage and cooperate with the Executive in carrying out its far-reaching plans.

### BADMINTON TO GET GOING THIS MONTH

After last year's successful season the Badminton Club will resume its activities during the latter part of this month. Tournaments for all members will again be held throughout the year. Those wishing to join are urged to get in touch with someone on the executive, since the membership is limited. Further information will be posted on the notice boards.

## Philosophical Society Plan Program of Student Interest

### Non-Technical Subjects to be Discussed by Leading Speakers. — Students Urged to Become Members.

The Philosophical Society will begin its sessions for 1938-39 on Wednesday, Oct. 18th, with a program designed to make a special appeal to university students and the thinking public generally. The topics chosen are non-technical, bear directly on present day problems that are the subject of current discussion, and will be handled by men eminently capable of dealing with them.

Dr. W. H. Alexander is to be the first speaker, dealing with the theme of "Some observations on the politics and economics of the England of today." It is the hope of the executive that L. W. Brockington, K.C., of Calgary, one of the outstanding public speakers of the province, will be able to address a meeting in January or February on a topic to be arranged. Other speakers of the season will be: Dr. John Macdonald, on "Materialism and the machine age"; Dr. George Hunter on "Is Science becoming a menace to humanity?"; Mr. J. Fisher on "The student mediaeval and modern"; and Mr. George M. Smith on "Trends in contemporary social and political thought."

The Philosophical Society was established in the very early days of the life of the University. Dr. Barker Fairley, now of the University of Manchester, was one of the leading spirits in its organization, enjoying the enthusiastic co-operation and support of the now veteran members of the faculty, Professors Alexander,

Broadus and MacEachran, and of ex-President Dr. H. M. Tory and Dr. R. B. Boyle, both now of the Dominion

(Continued on Page Ten)

#### EX-EDITOR

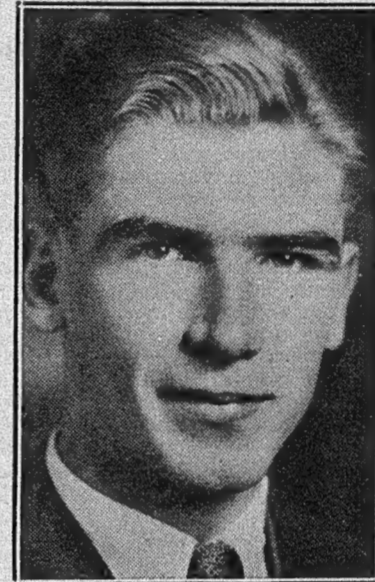


MARG MOORE

1932-33 Editor, who set a record for punctuality of publication which may not be lived up to this year.

### Union President Extends Welcome

The fall of the year has again brought with it students and activity to our University. To those of you who have been here before I extend, on behalf of the Students' Union, the welcoming hand of friendship in a renewal of fellowship. To those students who are here for the first time, we welcome and invite you to join with us in the quest for "Whatsoever Things are True." Let your object ever be that of seeking the truth. Seeking the truth not only in your scholastic work, but maintaining that objective in all your student endeavors.



The recommencement of study on the campus is accompanied by the opening up of Students' Union activity. We are here to lay a foundation for a future of accomplishment and service. Bearing in mind the fact that we are here primarily for study, we are aware that the indulgence in some activity provided for by the Union is an aid to balance in the life of the student. That balance will tend to a more thorough foundation for the future. Your Union invites your participation in that endeavor you most enjoy.

In looking to the future, let us accept the challenge of the past, realizing that we, through our Union, are not only affording ourselves a high level of student morale, but are also affording the stimulation to a fuller life of accomplishment.

May this year be a happy one for all.

HUGH A. ARNOLD.

## Star Reporter Views First Students' Council Meeting

RUGBY BOASTS OF \$578 GRANT—MEN'S TRACK SECURES \$117 WHILE CO-EDS NET \$90.

### VARSITY SONG MOOTED BY LITERARY COUNCILLORS

What a meeting! What a Government! Everything ran smoothly. No communistic interruptions. No sign of Liberal, Conservative or C.C.F. hecklers clouded the horizon. What a council!

The University of Alberta may well be proud of its governing body. Proceedings started only three minutes and 59 seconds behind schedule. President Arnold opened proceedings (for and against) by a short speech designed to make the most unconscious councillor conscious of the presence of grave responsibilities that he or she must bear. Students prefer actions to words.

Hip, Hike! A buck through the centre, the Secretary carrying the minutes of the last meeting crashed through for a gain of ten minutes to give Varsity a good start for the rampage down the meeting toward adjournment.

First down ten minutes to go. Quarter back Arnold generals an end run to procure the next meeting of the team for Wednesday next at 7:30 p.m. Huddle! What's that sound coming from the bleachers? Why that's the report of the Rooters' club booming out under the direction of Clarence McNeil and his six Freshie proteges. Reports have it that the Rooters' club are out in a big way for more and better rooting.

That sure was a real rugby game and hardly anyone requested refunds from the Evergreen and Gold which by the way will be returned on October 16 and 17. One Bright Councillor suggested the date be on October 15, Sunday.

Students should take compassion on the poor council because in the students' union office there is one chair, maybe the chair needs the compassion because at times ten or eleven students try to use the one chair at one and the same time. A suggestion was made that some apple boxes might be procured from the Salvation Army but the benevolent university authorities came to the aid of this poor chair by offering it several assistants. On behalf of the chair we thank you.

Believe it or not, there is an organization called the National Federation of Canadian Students for short, but originally known as the N.F.C.S. This organization sponsors debates and gives scholarships and this year a conference is to be held in Eastern Canada. The representative of the U. of A. is to be the Rt. Hon. Hugh Arnold, President of the State of the University of Alberta.

Running so large a state as the one in which we at present reside, requires a considerable amount of money. Expenditure for our national army or rugby militia reaches the tremendous total of \$578.00 but it is expected that recovery of spoil will make it possible for it to pay its

own way. Men's Track will receive \$177.00 and Women's Track \$90.00, of which a large portion may be refunded. It was learned from athletic circles that the Saskatchewan track team was most likely to arrive in Alberta if it gets outside of Saskatchewan.

One of the greatest public works incorporated by the government of the U. of A. was the construction of a Rink which has ever since been in the hands of the high financiers of the University, but this year all debt on this massive structure will be eliminated and the management of the rink will fall into the hands of a committee appointed by the Students' Council.

The supporters of "My Girl She is a Queen" received rather a setback when it was suggested a Varsity Song for Alberta be secured. There was much protest but finally it was decided that an attempt would be made to secure a varsity song. One song suggested was one beginning with "Where was Moses when the Light went out" by a gentleman with literary tendencies.

It is a faint possibility that Bing Crosby might create a song for us but why go to Bing Crosby, we've plenty of Freshies around.

In your life here it may have occurred that you have two constitutions, one belonging to yourself personally, the other which you hold in common with the other students; one you can do what you like with, the other has to be kept rigidly. The council proposes to appoint a committee for the purpose of enforcing the constitution.

My first visit to the council was a success and our only observation is that, on things of importance, the council provides little opposition to the findings of committees.

### EXHIBITION RUGBY GAMES

Exhibition games with Saskatchewan are being arranged while a challenge to B.C. for the Hardy Cup has been accepted. A pair of games in Vancouver for this cup will round off a well balanced schedule.

## Varsity Sophists to Tangle In Bitter Contest Thursday

Resolved This House Disapproves Increasing Tendency of Governments to Invade Rights of Individuals

### BIERWAGEN AND McCORMICK TO CLASH

#### Glen Shortcliffe Heads Society Following Bell's Resignation

On Thursday, October 12 at 8:00 p.m. the men's Common Room in the Arts Building will be packed to capacity with eager men and women students anxious to hear what promises to be one of the most entertaining debates of the year. The exceptionally strong speakers lined up for the deadly affray, guarantee the success of the evening. Never before has the Forum had such a well matched quartet. Each and every one is an experienced and trained debater and a clearer and accomplished orator. They will debate, "Resolved that this house disapproves of the increasing tendency of governments to invade the rights of the individual."

Arthur D. Bierwagen, B.A., and Ralph Collins will move and second the resolution for the Government, while Edward J. McCormick, B.A., and Harold W. Riley will attack the resolution on behalf of the opposition.

Arthur Bierwagen, who will leave shortly to debate in the northern States, has debated for the university in three major debates.

Mr. McCormick, last year's president of debating and Mr. Riley this year's editor of the year book, successfully represented the university last year.

To miss this battle of the giants is to pass up an opportunity of opportunities. This is one of those rare events that comes, like an eclipse of the sun—only once in a decade or so.

The President of the Society, Mr. Shortcliffe, himself a talented speaker, will be in the chair as speaker of the house. He succeeds Mr. H. Bell who has resigned to take the important office of General Secretary of the Western Canadian Inter-Varsity Debating League. This office comes to Alberta once in four years.

After the debate on the 12th, tea will be served.

This year the Debating Society plans to continue and enlarge where possible the exceptionally full program of activities which last year's Society so ably conducted.

The usual Inter-Varsity debates will be held. This necessitates sending a two-man team to Saskatoon to meet the University of Saskatchewan. And on the same evening to have another two-man team here in Convocation Hall to cross verbal swords in deadly combat with the team from the University of Manitoba. Upon the success of these two

debates will depend the fate of the treasured McGoun Cup which is now the proud possession of the University of Alberta, having been won last year by McLung and Perkins in Edmonton and McCormick and Riley in Winnipeg.

While McCormick and Riley were on their trip to the East they debated in Medicine Hat, High River and Calgary without being once defeated; an enviable record indeed.

The debating tours of the province, inaugurated by Edward McCormick last year, will be continued this term. To the list of fortunate towns of Red Deer, Vegreville, Olds, High River, Calgary and Medicine Hat which were lucky enough to be visited by a University team which provided them with an educational and enjoyable evening at a very slight cost, many more towns will be added. This means that the Debating Society will be faced with the difficulty of finding or training a sufficient number of speakers to take these coveted and highly desirable trips.

The major debate of the year, and the one that takes the place of the Imperial debate, will be with Bates College, the foremost debating college in the United States. This will take two more of the more gifted orators from our society, when one considers that the University of Alberta is the leading debating Uni-

(Continued on Page Three)

#### RUGBY SCHEDULE

Beginning with a game in Calgary on October 7th, Varsity will play a four game series with the Altomahs for the provincial championship. The Altomahs come here for a game next Monday. The other two games will be played on October 14th and 21st at Calgary and Edmonton respectively.

## FROSH SMOKER A POPULAR SUCCESS

Faculty and Student Officials Welcome Class of '37

Last Thursday evening the upper gym was the scene of the annual Freshmen smoker. This time-honored custom has fortunately for some 200 Freshmen not suffered the fate of so many of its companions, but has been incorporated into Freshmen's Welcome Week.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the program was opened with the Varsity yell and "O Canada." Mr. Hugh Arnold, our much-liked President of the Students' Union, then officially welcomed the Freshmen to the smoker. He proceeded to explain the smoker's place in the week's welcome program, and outlined the entertainment for the evening.

The staff speakers for the evening, Mr. Ottewill, Dr. MacEachran and Dr. Sheldon followed, each in their turn outlining the particular functions of their respective offices in the Varsity staff. The Freshmen could not help but feel the cordial welcome and sincere wish for each student's success that ran through their addresses. In fact, Dr. Sheldon's "informal" concern arising from a fear that some of the students "might" study too hard, put them entirely at their ease.

The remaining speakers for the evening were all drawn from the officers of the student body. Mr. Ken Ives, Mr. Larry Davis, Mr. F. Johnston and Mr. E. McCormick welcomed the Freshmen to participate in all the varied activities of the Literary Club. They waxed very enthusiastic in their descriptions of their club, Mr. McCormick having to be called for time, and Mr. Ives showing such concern for the Freshmen that he

advised them "not to fall in love." We wonder who brought him to that dismal frame of mind? Mr. Fred Gale, President of the Athletic Club, next set clearly before them the organization and extent of the Athletic Club. Mr. H. Riley followed him to display the attractions of the Evergreen and Gold, of which he has charge this year.

The program was punctuated with intermissions throughout its length in order that cigarettes might be distributed and to enable the audience to enjoy several selections and other forms of entertainment. These latter, while wholly recruited from the Freshman class, showed promising signs of originality and talent.

Mr. H. Arnold, following a closing speech given by himself on the subject of fraternities, pronounced the smoker a distinct success. He complimented the enthusiasm and co-operation displayed both by the Freshmen and the staff and expressed his hope that these qualities would make the whole new method of initiation a success.

## C.O.T.C. PROVIDES BROAD TRAINING

Ample Opportunity Provided for Special Training

During the World War, 1914-18, many graduates and undergraduates of Canadian universities enlisted in the overseas forces to be either killed or so disabled as to be of no social value upon their return.

The Canadian Government realized the great loss society suffered in this way, and so, to avoid the recurrence of a similar catastrophe, initiated a policy of training undergraduate men in our universities so that in the event of another war they will be qualified to serve as officers in the force, and consequently serve their country at such a time far more efficiently than would otherwise be the case.

In the University of Alberta in Edmonton there is such a unit of the C.O.T.C., and we may well be proud of the meritorious way in which it was organized and is carried on. A large measure of credit is due primarily to Lieut.-Col. Dunn, the instructor, manager, efficiency expert, and what-not of this unit. He has faithfully and expertly trained and schooled privates and petty officers in a way few other men have the ability, capacity, or the patience to do.

This year the cadets may receive instruction in signalling, in the cavalry, in the infantry, to become an army surgeon, or for a military band, according to the disposition and qualifications of the individual. At the end of the term the cadet may, if he has proven during the year to be really interested in the service, and after certain examinations have been passed, be the recipient of a just reward for his time and work.

At a meeting held Monday afternoon rookies signed in for officers' training in the various branches of the service, and we have men from last year's unit.

### NOTICE RE HANDBOOKS

A few extra copies of this year's Handbook have been printed, and are for sale at the Book Store, at the Tuck Shop, or in The Gateway office from 11:30 to 12:30 each day.

### Exchange Humor

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy snoozes;  
No horse since 1923,  
Has been to him for shoeses.  
—The Sheaf.

## Famous British Explorer Regales Large Audience

Commander Thomas Sketches Thrilling Adventures Enjoyed When Crossing the Arabian Desert

Thanks to the National Council of Education, Varsity students and local citizens had the opportunity Friday of hearing one of the outstanding figures of modern exploration in the person of Commander Bertrand Thomas, O.B.E.

Commander Thomas, who has written a book on his many adventures in the Near East, has spent considerable time in Arabia in various capacities. These have ranged from soldiering and civil service work to Prime Minister and Financial Adviser of an Eastern monarch. Those who have read of his many thrilling adventures in this work, suffered no disillusionment when they met the author on the platform. In a quiet and unassuming fashion, the lecturer led us across a barren desert and savage hinterland which no great expedition has as yet traversed. Only the lone and hardened adventurer can succeed here, and the author is one of the small group of twenty Europeans who have even penetrated this peninsula.

Commander Thomas has spent thirteen years in Arabia, learning the language and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the customs and habits of the people. Since 1926 he has

made four journeys and explorations throughout the east and north of this great desert. They have all been accomplished secretly, the author in each case having dressed as an Arab, living on Arabian food.

For some time prior to actually crossing the great desert, the lecturer spent several months among the fertile hills and mountains of south-eastern Arabia. There he collected over seven hundred and fifty specimens of animal life, which included even our Canadian types of gophers, badgers and wolves. Many strange similarities were evident here between the local bearded Arabs and races found in northern Africa. It is also interesting to note that, while the inhabitants are nominally Mohammedan, they have many curious customs and many definitely animistic tendencies.

The interior Arab is also a peculiar product of the desert. He is absolutely fearless and, while he produces many many qualities, Arabia is no place for a pacifist. The atheist, too, would fare somewhat poorly in this region, for here they are fanatical, hostile Mohammedans.

The party was ambushed several

## Ex-President Concludes Regime Marked by Efficiency

Art Wilson, Strong, Silent Man of Student Politics—Frictionless Cooperation Characterizes Direction

Art Wilson's regime was characterized by smooth, silent efficiency. Important and far-reaching decisions were made, to immediate and effective action taken. The credit for this machine-like precision must go largely to the President of the Students' Union. There is no question but that he received his share of unpleasant and difficult questions—his legislation was full of them—but few of them found their way into the lobby and the common rooms.

The absence of the old-fashioned, spectacular student politics was lamented by many, but efficiency has been a valuable substitute.

The abolition of initiation was put through without any unnecessary or unfortunate discussion. Questions of discipline were handled in such a way that no friction existed at any time between the authorities and the students.

As to the man himself, no finer compliment could be paid him than that he carried his important office smilingly and unostentatiously. No minor executive ever found him too busy to be a willing listener to those endless problems that beset student representatives and managers.

His breadth of experience in student politics and his sound common-sense, have proven an invaluable asset, his pleasant personality both inside and outside of the council chamber have made a hard year less difficult for all.

## FROSH PEP RALLY LACKS ONLY PEP

"If This Were Only Last Year," Cries Observing Soph

The atmosphere of the new regime, that of no initiation, was prevalent at the Pep Rally held Tuesday night around a bonfire. Freshettes and Freshmen would not exert themselves to shout the yells of the University. The encouraging and pleading of the cheer leader and his assistants were of no avail. Only feeble and uninterested sounds resulted. Violence was threatened, but only brought merry laughs from the Frosh. Sophomores stood at a respectful distance, unable to do anything. However, when the camp was divided into two parts, rivalry between the two brought louder and peppier sounds. The singing of "My gal, she is a Queen," could only be described as terrible. One Soph was heard to remark, "If this was only last year!" However, after listening to the inspiring speeches of Dean Howes and Brother Phillip, of St. Joseph's College (who, by the way, respectfully address us as "ladies and gentlemen"), as a tribute to them we gave the Varsity yell in a style more befitting Freshmen and Freshettes of the University of Alberta. (The fire had died out and it was sold.)

### SCHEDULE NOTICE

Executives of all clubs please note that applications for permission to hold meetings, dances, etc., have to be presented to the Schedule Man subject to the following rules:

#### Major Functions:

Applications must be initiated by Schedule Man and in the hands of the Provost at least ten (10) days before date of function.

#### Minor Functions:

Applications must be in the hands of Schedule Man at least three (3) days before date of function.

Arrangements have been made so that applications may be left in Students' Union office at any time.

A meeting of representatives from all clubs will be held at an early date. Watch for the notice.

Those wishing to get in touch with the Schedule Man, please phone Room 221, Athabasca Hall.

ROBT. W. B. JACKSON,  
Schedule Man, 1933-34.

### EX-PRESIDENT GETS HALO



ART WILSON

## SECRETARY EXPLAINS THE POINT SYSTEM

Students Wishing Extension of Points Should Apply Immediately

This article is written for the purpose of enlightening all students who are not well acquainted with the regulations of the Point System.

The Point System is an act of the Students' Council for the purpose of proper distribution of executive offices among the members of the Students' Union. Under this system points are credited in the following manner:

(a) A Senior shall be credited with 60 points.

(b) A Junior shall be credited with 50 points.

(c) A Sophomore shall be credited with 40 points.

(d) A Freshman shall be credited with 30 points.

Each office within the Union shall count a certain number of points, as set out on page 29 of the Constitution. For example, the position of President of the Union counts 60 points and that of Secretary of Women's Athletics counts 30 points. In the same way every executive position within the Students' Union counts for a certain allotted number of points.

No member of the Students' Union is allowed to hold positions of which the total of allotted points exceeds the limits as set out above, unless that member should apply to the Students' Council for an extension of points. The Students' Council may then refuse or allow the extension, according as it deems advisable in the particular case concerned.

The executive "A" decoration is a pin which is awarded to each member of the Students' Union who has to his or her credit a total of 125 points during his or her years of attendance at the University. This pin may also be awarded to students who have only 115 points credit if special application be made to the Students' Council.

Any member of the Union exceeding his limit of points for the present term must apply to the Council immediately for an extension of points.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

All members of the faculty who desire to subscribe to The Gateway for the coming year may do so by giving their subscriptions to Harry Lister.

## FRESHIES TREATED BY ALUMNI ASSOC.

University Alumni Sponsor Drive and Tea for Frosh Class

"Yes, we're treating those Freshies pretty well—too darn well, if you ask me anything."

So says many a disgruntled Sophomore wistfully to a sympathetic comrade. And it's true—we are treating them pretty well. One of the most enjoyable things planned to welcome them was sponsored by the Alumni of the University. On Saturday afternoon all new students in residence were driven around the city and taken to tea in Athabasca afterwards.

It was a very cheerful crowd of about seventy-five Freshettes and a hundred and fifteen Freshmen who gathered in the lounge, where Mr. Don Cameron, the president of the alumni, welcomed them very cordially to the University.

Perhaps a few of the aforementioned Sophomores were lurking around disconsolately with pained expressions on their faces as they watched cookies disappearing at a terrible rate. However, the Freshmen at least looked pleased, and after all we don't really begrudge them their cookies, and we're very grateful to the alumni for adding their welcome to ours.

Who said the way to a man's heart isn't through his stomach?—The Y News.

### PHARMACY CLUB

The first meeting of the Pharmacy Club will be held on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 p.m., in Arts 405.

This is a get-together meeting, and a courteous invitation is extended to all new Pharmacy students, both B.Sc. and Licentiate. This is your club, and it success depends on your heartiest co-operation. See you there. Tea will be served.

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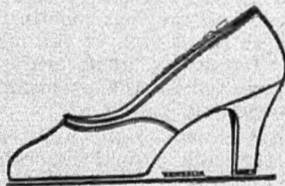
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## Mental Peregrinations

WE

Well, we fooled the depression. Got back to the University after all. With more worries and less money.

We long ago gave up any fond notions of finding that elusive, indefinable thing called "college spirit", here at Alberta. We used to think we had caught something of its flavor during initiation week. Maybe we did and again, maybe we didn't. Now even that's gone. After four years spent in acquiring wisdom and worldliness at this institution of higher, and drier, learning, we can't quite swallow the insufferable indignity of having to lug our own trunks up three flights of stairs.

We heard Mackenzie King speak in Calgary this summer. After reading newspaper articles of his barnstorming speeches at picnics, pink teas and jolly get-togethers, throughout the West, we were sadly disappointed with his Calgary speech. News write-ups told us of his scathing denunciation of the Communist Co-Co-Feds. They were dreamers, impractical idealists, bomb-throwers and anarchists. Then our erstwhile Prime Minister proceeded to steal the thunder of the C.C.F. by feeding his Calgary flock such promising dishes as "personality above property" and "more equal distribution of income". Sounds socialistic to us. Beware, O King, or even you shall be damned as a dangerous radical!

We think this fellow Hitler is a lice! He gets in our hair. Fanatic, demagogue, megalomaniac, he pursues his bloody way with no one to say him nay. His uncalled-for persecution of Socialists, Communists, ing to any man of tolerant and liberalists, Pacifists, Jews, is revolting outlook. His wholesale dismissal of University Professors, mostly Jews, who have helped raise Germany to a high plane of civilization, is cultural suicide. The hounding of Einstein, probably the greatest living scientist, is something that our minds refuse to understand. We can't see what difference it makes what a man's religious, racial, or political characteristics are, so long as he is a peaceful and law-abiding citizen. And especially is the Nazi stand incomprehensible when a man holds a position of such undoubted eminence as a contributor to the realm of thought as does Professor Einstein.

Despite the universally-known excellence of German beer, we're glad we don't live in Germany. At least not while the Nazis are in the saddle.

—WE.

## MAIN STREET A Symptom

By J. C. G.

I live on Main Street. And Main Street is the Saturday night haven of some scores of nondescript mixture of Dutch, French, Swedish, Danish, Central European and English farmers. Main Street is a social centre for a few hundred souls, it is (with its "picture house") the centre of the drama for all the farm-hands and their girls, it is the meeting-place of roisterers and gossips, it is the scene of interminable conversations about the price of wheat, the government, and the moral depravity of the young. In short, it is a metropolis in miniature. I say "Saturday night" advisedly, for on that night the farmer and his family move in the civilization of which they form a part; it is also their creation. They have a radio, and make occasional visits to a larger centre, to attend a fair say, but the culture of the city (such as it is in the West) is not theirs specifically. The ability of the small town and farm to create (as typified in their works) is the exact measure of their culture. What is Canadian life in the rural west, and most of the West is rural? What has made it what it is? There are many symptoms of its diseased condition and there are as many reasons for the symptoms.

It would be idle for me to discuss in a detailed fashion the features of small towns stuck on the prairies in Western Canada. They are all so exactly alike, that their minor differences make the similarities all the more painful and glaring. In the business section there are the ramshackle frames which have served in turn as groceries, real estate offices, harness shops, confectioneries or dance halls at some stage in their existence. Buildings of this guise characterize every small town I have ever seen. There are banks with their proud red brick fronts, squat, forbidding-looking hotels with beer parlors which announce their presence blocks away, stucco service stations on the corners with their small crowd of loiterers. There is a general absence of paint, though often it would have been better not to paint than use the reds and yellows that blare forth on the street. It is useless to prolong the catalogue of well-known facts, yet this place, this Main Street, is an important centre to many people. It has to be—life in the West is like that.

The town is sprawled and planned only in that the blocks are painfully regular and ill-filled. Gaps between houses are grown with weeds and often strewn with rubbish—that is a symptom—I am not my brother's keeper. Everywhere are deserted buildings, houses and stores, with the windows boarded up, the walls a brownish black from disuse and age. That too is a symptom. The endless uncertainty of the economic future coupled with a dissatisfaction with a fair amount of economic security are things which in the immediate past have bequeathed these relics upon us. (The depression has made even a

## PANSY MEETING YOU BOYS (?) HERE

New Telephone Makes Gateway Boys Powder Noses

Time was when readers of The Gateway could pick up a copy of the paper and feel reasonably certain that if the male members of the reporter staff hadn't hair on their chests, hadn't expansive vocabularies when aroused, and didn't know their way around, something was wrong. Well, if something isn't wrong this year, something is wrong; Yeah, The Gateway's gone pansy!

Reminiscing again, time was when readers of The Gateway (and even non-readers) could wander into The Gateway office with reasonable certainty of finding a willing quartette or a wrestling partner, a tap-dancer or a philosopher. Deans Wilson and Howe can vouch for many of these facts—they were both neighbors (laterally and vertically, respectively) to the old Gateway office.

There: we've reached our point—The Gateway has a new home, at the opposite end of the Arts Building from its old one. And the Students' Union office has been moved upstairs to be included with the departments of the General Office. Thus two of the parties responsible for much university liveliness have been separated at one fell swoop. The swoop was directed by the library people, we think: too many library-goers had become addicted to using the south lower stack room in order to hear whatever morsels (including plaster) should fall from the Gateway office just above. Major Cameron led a squad of four-by-fours and two-by-twos from the right, to deliver a smashing assault: when the smoke had thinned, the library was seen to have taken over Gateway territory. After the fashion of the vanquished, the Gateway lads looked around to see if there was anyone they could push out in turn. Political Economy was in a bad way, apparently: the attackers found no great difficulty in forcing their claims to the Polly Ec. office.

That did it. The Polly Ec. office is very small, the staff of The Gateway is large. The old Gateway office had a MAN'S telephone—one of the ordinary wall type, which kept its mouthpiece germs in one place and sneered at pansies who wanted a monophone. But the new office has a monophone and conversations have taken on effeminate turn. The small office hampers the new technique somewhat, but that will produce still another technique, probably. With the old 'phone, men stood up to the wall and yelled their opinions manfully into the instrument mouthpiece. Now—shhh—now. . . . It's no longer necessary to "stand up" and say what has to be said in man-fashion. The monophone user can move a yard or two from where the instrument box is fastened and still talk into the mouthpiece. This has led to a dance-step telephone-answering technique.

The telephone now sways this way and that as he talks; his feet shift nervously, his shoulders shrug, he giggles and gurgles, he . . . ah, sugarplums! Anyway, the Gateway's gone pansy.

Just before we conclude this write-up, we might say, that three ex-editors of the paper dropped in Wednesday morning to bring The Gateway's levle back to what it should be. Cairns, Alexander and Iles gave the new office a fitting initiation: they left before the Classics and Accounting and History and Mathematics departments (laterally and vertically adjacent) staged an investigation.

### HOUSE DANCE SATURDAY

Saturday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, the first of the regular Saturday night house dances will be held. As usual, the dance will be held in the Upper Gym, and the admission will be only twenty-five cents.

living impossible where once wheat could be grown very profitably. This has only accentuated the problem.) And the ground is never cleared. Everywhere are instances of good ambition gone wrong; there they stand, these spectres on Main Street, with their yawning empty look.

Negligence of environment is another symptom of the condition of Western Canada, indeed the whole continent. I know one town in which the public junk heap (euphemism) was just off the principal thoroughfare (another euphemism!) Add to the spectacle of old, deserted, paintless and bill-pasted shacks, with broken windows and sagging roof, the "strictly business" brick stores, which are like squat little blocks of pink or red, the sprawly treeless village, and you have any western town. Yet most of Main Street is unconcerned about all this, and objectors are labelled "knockers." Obviously too, if we examine why.

I suppose it would be futile to ask in this individualist world, that old buildings no longer in use, or use-ess, be torn down or removed. I know that Canada is not unique in this waste, but that is only evading the issue. It makes the fact none the less objectionable. In the heyday of Western business, when our cities were booming, and settlers were pouring in, when the opportunities of making money were plentiful, hundreds and thousands of brick, concrete, sheet-metal covered, and frame buildings sprang up everywhere in praise of wheat. The war came and the price of wheat went up; it was a profitable business, this wheat growing. But the war went, and so did this abnormal prosperity. Smaller hamlets appeared and deprived the

(Continued on Page Ten)

## TAURUS

What this university needs is advertising—favorable advertising, which will appeal to the public and make that same public realize that it has in this great university a real center of learning and culture of which any province or country might well be proud. The one great failing of Canadian people is that they are far too slow to advertise. We could learn much in self-salesmanship from our friends to the south of the line. Look at the way they advertise Yellowstone National Park. Have you ever been there—well, it is not one-two-three with Banff or Jasper. Yet to hear them talk about it you would want to go there right away.

At no time in the history of Canada were public institutions which spend public money so much in disfavor and so carefully watched as they are today. Our University in particular, through some unfortunate initiation occurrences, has been forced into an unfavorable light in the eyes of the province—and, dear student, don't forget the province pays 80 per cent. of the cost of educating you—you only pay a mere 20 per cent. yourself.

Last year the Debating Society did the first piece of constructive effort which has been expended by the students to minimize this anti-university feeling by sending debaters to tour the province, meeting teams picked from the different towns. It is to be hoped that this activity is expanded—it has great possibilities.

But we can not rest on our laurels—for what does not progress will regress. This year the University would do well to copy the University of California, which goes on the air with short ten-minute travelogues, conducted by a clever radio announcer, who is a student. Each of these travelogues take the listener through some one phase of university activity, e.g., the electrical department or the field crops department, telling what service is done to the government or the people of the state by this department. Propaganda pure and simple—yes, but true propaganda and very favorable to the university, besides being highly interesting because of its brevity as well as from its content.

We have tremendous possibilities for the same idea here. We have a radio of our own; we have a wonderful range of departments, each doing some service to the public either directly or indirectly. Then why not go on the air and tell the public about it. Then we wouldn't have our grants cut so drastically. You've got a good thing, Alberta. Get out and tell the province about it!

### VARSITY SOPHISTS IN BITTER CONTEST THURS.

(Continued from Page One)

versity in Canada. This big debate between the pick of the two countries should be a memorable encounter indeed.

As a new feature this year we will have the opportunity of hearing a debate entirely in French between two Frenchmen from Quebec and two French scholars from our student body.

It is hoped that for the most of these major debates the students will be admitted free of charge. This means that the day before the major debate students will get a free ticket by applying at the Students' Union office. This ticket will admit them without charge to Convocation Hall. Without a ticket even the students will have to pay 25c. It is felt that since the Students' Union pays for any deficit from these debates, that it would be well if the students could get free admission.

From the above list of activities it will be seen that many speakers are needed. So many, in fact, that it may be necessary to hold the usual bi-weekly open forums every week until Christmas so that the executive may have an opportunity of hearing a large number of students.

It is at these open forums that one gets the necessary experience to face a large audience in a major debate, and in later life to face any audience which may confront one.

There is no walk of life which does not at some time or other demand that its incumbents make what is commonly known as a speech. How much better it is to get up with ease and assurance which bespeaks of much experience upon the platform, than to get up with knees knocking and hands shaking. The grown man who is unable to speak creditably and yet has the colossal nerve to impose himself on the poor unsuspecting public should be pitied rather than punished. This is more especially true of university graduates because they each and everyone have had the opportunity in their debating society, to which they all automatically belong, to learn to speak clearly and convincingly.

It is to be hoped that after the major speakers have been heard in the first, and for that matter in all the open forums, there will be a rush of men and women ready to take part in the discussion by short addresses not exceeding five minutes, and for the most part prepared on the spot. These short speeches from the floor of the house make the evening really worth while. It is in this extemporaneous argumentation that one forgets one's self-consciousness (and suddenly finds that he or she can really deliver a cracking good address. It seems strange that well-educated and highly interesting conversationalists, who can carry on a most entertaining discussion with two or three friends, find themselves flabbergasted and tongue-tied when facing a large audience. This all too prevalent form of inferiority complex is one of the greatest deterring factors to personal comfort and advancement.

IN EDMONTON

IT'S

# EATON'S

OF COURSE



For every need in University outfitting—except the "dates." We've just come out of a huddle on the back-to-university situation. We think this line-up should score with every girl and man on the campus. Each item is a value "touch down"—if you're out to save. These prices are for Saturday and Tuesday only.\* Look for the Green-and-Gold displays!

### New Pullover SWEATERS

A grand collection of co-eds' sweaters! "Clark Gable" or "V" necklines, or collars gone feminine. Colors galore. All new.

**\$1.25**

Usually \$1.95

### Talk of the Town SUIT SALE

More than 180 hand-picked patterns in British tweeds and worsteds from which to choose in this Made-to-Measure Sale.

**\$19.50**

Extra trousers at \$5.50  
A value not to be compared!

### Striped Wool ROBES

What a break for the girl who lounges and studies in a swanky striped flannel robe! New—a smart choice.

**\$4.95**

Reduced from \$5.95

### "Triple Guard" CHIFFON HOSE

Very sheer—very dull—very lovely. The triple guard is a silk reinforcement in the panel heels and the toes. The lovely new shades. All sizes.

**79c**

Reduced from \$1.00

### The "Parkway" SHIRTS

No better dollar value that we know of—a collar attached or two-collar broadcloth shirt; white, tan, blue or green. 14½ to 17.

**\$1.00**

EATON value at \$1.25

### Big Bakelite FLAPJACKS

Compacts for service—between classes or on "dates." Loose powder, of course. Red, green, blue, brown, black.

**50c**

Reduced from 75c each

### "Palmolive" SHAVE CREAM

Place your order early, Sir, for a big tube of this popular shaving cream. This offer is for Saturday and Tuesday only.

**19c**

Reduced from 25c tube

## \* IF YOU'RE NOT OVERTOWN

Just phone. Sweaters or Hosiery, 9-1-2-8-1.  
Suits or Men's Shirts, 9-1-2-5-8. Compacts or  
Shave Cream, 9-1-2-3-5. Robes, 9-1-2-2-8.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta  
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We do not wish to lay all our cards down at once, by making any promises in advance. In the main, the policy of previous years will be adopted, to create as true a reflection of student life as it is in our power to do.

We hope to build up and maintain, among the students, a lively interest in each issue. This can be accomplished only if each member of the University body regards the columns of The Gateway as his own, and takes the initiative in contributing. This is one department of student activity that thrives on criticism; your communications, whether they are bricks or bouquets, are always welcome.

TO NEW STUDENTS

We have already had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of many of the new students who have come to the office to take a look at The Gateway in action. There are doubtless many more who are interested, but have not yet had time to look us up. To them may we again extend a hearty invitation.

You are faced at this time with the difficult problem of apportioning your interest and time among the extra-curricular activities presented to undergraduates at the University. While it is most inadvisable to become involved in too many lines of endeavor, all of the varied activities should be given consideration, and a choice made that will give the greatest degree of ultimate satisfaction.

INTRODUCTION OF NEW STUDENTS

We view with interest the conclusion of an experiment in the introduction of new students. A colorful institution has passed; like other antiquated pageantry it was unable to accommodate itself to the needs of a modern and progressive society. In its place has come a less spectacular, but far more efficient method of introducing Freshmen to the life of the University.

Let us analyse what we should expect an Initiation to provide. It should assist the new students to orientate himself as readily as possible amidst new and confusing surroundings. Hazing increased the confusion, and left the student to adjust himself after the commencement of lectures. The present system at least leaves him full possession of his time for this difficult problem.

This year's Freshman class has shown a ready and sympathetic respect for student customs, and except in trivial cases have shown every consideration due to senior students. Thus in the second instance the new system has proven itself adequate.

We do not need to enlarge further—right-thinking seniors as well as Freshmen concur in the wisdom of a policy as smooth running and efficient as the one adopted by the Council of last year.

Many students approach their graduating year repenting that they had not given one particular department their whole-hearted support in Freshmen days, acquired a knowledge of that field and risen through it to a position of prominence in student affairs. Athletics, Undergraduate Politics, Debating, Dramatics, the Evergreen and Gold, and The Gateway all offer this opportunity.

We present The Gateway as a means of acquiring a valuable knowledge of newspaper work, and as an interesting and essentially different type of activity. Now is the time to take the fullest advantage of your opportunities, and we urge you again to give it your consideration.

POLITICAL CLUBS

A great change has recently taken place in the attitude of "the simple citizen" towards government institutions. The usual lethargic complacency of the public has been stirred, and they have realized it is the first duty of a citizen to take an interest in and attempt to understand the affairs that concern their country, either internally or externally. They have formed political clubs with the object of becoming better acquainted with public affairs; prominent men are invited to explain to them the vital problems of the day; and discussion of policies thrives in these gatherings. With their awakening, they fail to understand the apparent indifference of University students, as evidenced in their lack of organization and their superficial knowledge of such important matters.

A University is perhaps the ideal place for gaining a true knowledge of political history and political theory. It numbers among its students all varieties and shades of opinion, from the most radical views to the staidest conservatism; it epitomizes the political thought of a nation. The members of the institution are in that formative period of life in which they are quite willing to learn, but not to accept blindly without question.

It is in just such an atmosphere of real but unexpressed interest that political clubs should flourish with the most desirable results: free and objective discussion, rejection of shibboleths, etc. Such clubs would make the problems more concrete and the resulting clash of opinion and argument would add an excitement and reality which would do much to increase the enthusiasm for political knowledge. Such organizations are urgently needed to give students not only the opportunity, but the inclination to inform themselves and to understand the significance of present-day politics. The majority of members of the University must be induced by something more than mere academic desire for knowledge to study these questions. If a disputatious element can be injected into the study of politics, then more and more students



Professor (to class in surgery)—The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, and in consequence he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?  
Eddie Foy—I'd limp too.

Sud and Bland

I sat beneath a mushroom tree  
And howled and spat and swore  
And ate some oysters with a knife,  
Until my nose was sore.

Unhand me, then, thou graybeard loon!  
Be still, thou shrivelled hag.  
Climb high the sparkling yum-yum tree  
If thou wouldst like a jag.

An ostrich whizzes past my ear  
In slow and fluttering flight.  
A dodo sneaked up on the ice  
And tried to take a bite.

It's mine, it's mine. Oh, big pink pill!  
A white fired elephant  
Is chasing me, but I won't play,  
'Cause mamma said I can't.

Oooh, see the wiggly chair buzz 'round  
And chase my little dodo.  
Goody, goody, here's the floor . . .  
My God, I've gone quite blotto!

When you judge Casserole, remember that all joke columns must have lots of Punch, Life, and College Humor.

Reading Lesson for Med Students

What is on the plate? That is a tumor. It is a very large tumor. It weighs 112 pounds. The patient weighed 88 pounds. Was the tumor removed from the patient? No, the patient was removed from the tumor. Did you save the patient? No. We did not save the patient. But we saved the tumor.

Hymns Ancient and Modern  
Ancient

Complexion like the winter snow,  
Just tinted by the sunset glow,  
Throat white as alabaster,  
Teeth of pearl, and hair of gold,  
And figure—sure in Venus's mold  
Th' immortal gods have cast her.

And I am proud her slave to be,  
And deem it high felicity  
To die, if she should will it so.  
Ye fates! to-night propitious be,  
For I approach divinity:  
My life depends on "Yes" or "No."

Modern

Stunning girl,  
Out of sight.  
Guess I'll pop  
Tuesday night.  
Bully shape,  
Pretty eyes;  
Papa's rich,  
Quite a prize.  
Sure to have me,  
Can't say no;  
Lots of rocks—  
It's a go.

Always remember that the flatter the plate, the fewer the soup.

Last year one undergraduate worked his way through Varsity by caring for a baby. However, numerous others flunked because of the same reason.

A traveller was on a walking tour through New England. He discovered a bearded patriarch on a roadside rock.

"Fine corn," said the traveller, tentatively, using a hillside filled with straggling stalks, as a means of breaking the ice.

"Best in Massachusetts," said the sinner.  
"How do you plow that field?" asked the traveller.  
"It's so very steep."

"Don't plow it. In the spring thaw the rocks roll down and tear up the ground for us."

"And how do you plant it?"  
"Well, we stand in the back door and shoot it in with a shotgun."

"Is that the truth?"  
"H—I, no! That's conversation."

In the good old days, so regretted by the Sophomores, of Initiation, the lowest form of life was undoubtedly a Freshman. Now, however, the lowest of the low is taken to be a Casserole Editor who delves through old Gateways and steals jokes from former Casseroles to fill his column. That's what we just did.

will become increasingly anxious to understand the problems of government.

If a number of partisan political clubs could be formed representing every political opinion, the majority of students would be attracted by first one and then another club, and there would be a constant change in membership. In this way every conceivable argument for and against each party would be presented. After hearing and considering each body's aim, a student would be in a much better position to form an intelligent opinion as to what his political inclinations were. Even if among some students a partisan attitude should early be taken, yet a closer contact with Canada's problems would be gained, and a definite attitude, whether right or wrong, is better than one of indifference. If a political club attracts this type of man where a more disinterested organization will not, then this alone should justify their creation.

In Great Britain national leaders and civil servants have received their early training in political clubs, which are encouraged, and the comparative efficiency of English government can not be questioned.

DILETTANTE

CATTLE-BOAT

Did you know that the Ottawa agreements had definitely done something? Yes, they added several fold to the annual numbers of free cattle-boat trips to Europe. I always did uphold the agreements, and as a good Canadian, loyal to the enterprises undertaken by my country, and one well brought up under the homely maxims of Shakespeare,—  
"lend me thine ears" and "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits"—I naturally felt it a duty to take one of those trips, and as a young university student in search of learning and divers knowledge, and rather finding it inwardly to admire the ambition of Bacon who took all knowledge of his province, I was able to add duty unto duty and proceed unselfishly with the satisfaction that I was doing what Canada expects of every man.

I received my contract to escort three cars of cattle, and boarded the train at Calgary in company with two others. We were given an old colonial coach of about the vintage of 1890. It had been refinished in a nice dark yellow paint grained to represent your favorite wood. Three kerosene lamps suspended on brackets from the walls, and two coal stoves well surrounded with tin fencing, at either end of the car, gave it that homey appearance. There were three upper berths, but they lacked mattresses; however, when the seats were dropped it was plainly evident that the Maker had moulded our frames to fit the ridges.

Speaking generously, every type of country has its own particular attraction. The prairies were green from fresh rains and young grain sprouting, while overhead were great gobs of black storm cloud. A couple of days were given us in Winnipeg, while the cattle were being fed, but the city's attraction is too particularly its own for the casual visitor to discover. Then on through Ontario, rough hills thickly wooded, and lake after lake, blue, with mossy granite shores.

Montreal is an interesting city. The green mountain in the background, the broad St. Lawrence in the fore. There are two languages approaching a single culture, the polite Frenchman—"apres vous, Monsieur," and the rugged Englishman intent upon his business. There is the Bonsecours where the picturesque French Habitant holds his market. St. James street, home of the great financial houses, separates this from Chinatown, a little city within a city ruled by its own mayor. Then there is St. Katherine's street, the broad highway of shops, and close beneath the mountain Sherbrooke avenue, Montreal's Fifth avenue, and perhaps more interesting than any, the Rue St. Laurent where strange men from the Hells of the world are seen together. Just off this street are located "The Horse Thieves" and the "Bucket of Blood". The city has all the fascinations of a great port, the beauty of skyscrapers and old cathedrals, and the quaintness of antiquity.

Once aboard the freighter, a boat of about four thousand tons, I was introduced for the first time to my cattle. They had been driven aboard and were running loose in pens placed down the centre and along the sides of the upper and lower decks. We had to rope them with lassoes, and tie them to the front railings of the pens. It is an excellent thing for it permits you as a Western Canadian to boast of your cowboy prowess to the dazzled European.

From then on the work is simple and the food worse. You arise at four thirty for about an hour's work giving water and hay to the cattle. Then you return to bed until eight o'clock when breakfast is served. Following breakfast you sweep up the remaining hay and feed crushed oats. Again about two thirty in the afternoon you feed hay and water. The rest of the time is your own, which may easily be spent getting in the captain's way, or if you have a leaning toward seasickness that is the best time to be sick. I rather preferred lying on deck while the sun peeled my nose, drawing forth tales from the sailors, or listening to grand opera played on a portable gramophone by a black boy from the stoke hole.

Twelve days of sea and sky, icebergs, porpoises and whales, takes you across. Twelve days brings you home. A storm may shake you up a bit, but it's a lot of noise and excitement. Fog is a dreary thing but it means quiet water, and a seasick Hereford does not add to the ambrosia of a cattle hold. However, a romantic spirit and a strong stomach will guarantee you a bounden duty pleaurably performed. Go to Europe.

EXCERPTS FROM  
OUR ARCHIVES

The Gateway, October, 1911—  
"The University of Alberta is now comfortably housed in the furst building of its own erected on the two hundred and fifty-eight acre site. The location in itself is an inspiration."

"Powell (the longer): 'I am glad that Ottewell did not fall on me. I would have been flattened even longer than I am.'"

Young (quietly): "My friend, you would have been no longer."

L. Y. Cairns, elder brother to Bert Cairns was Associate Editor of the Gateway for the period 1911-12. Now we have Theo Cairns in our midst, youngest of the noble line. So far he has steered clear of the Gateway.

"There are two good things about the mid-day meal in the Varsity. The

first is the silver tea-pots and the second isn't the grub. There is the greatest sameness about it day after day. Irish stew and pie! One may eat every scrap of the Irish stew, and lick his plate, and then break the plate, but at 12:30 sharp the next day the same old stew comes walking in upon the same plate, in front of the same waitress."

The Gateway, 1913—Re. The Sophomore Dance. "Amongst the Junior and Senior years there has been some feeling as regards the matter of invitations. This feeling I think is based on very slender grounds—The University is becoming quite too large to be invited in a body to a dance, the financial stress of which is born by a single class." How we would wish for the good old days when dances were free. Today we all pay.

"FLASHES"—A new function, to be called the Undergraduate Dance is to be inaugurated early in January and this session it will be held under the auspices of the Students of the Faculty of Applied Science.

"The Annual Christmas Dinner adds yet another lasting picture to the treasured memories of our Alma Mater. The feature of the evening was the Xmas Tree. Presently a sound as of bells reached the large dining hall and Santa Claus came bounding in amidst a round of applause and welcome. The mysterious business of the evening commenced; Santa displayed great promptitude in disposing of his excellent wares. This happy evening was suitably concluded with dancing and fireside games." I wonder what the games were.

Taken from the Editorials—"The size of this issue is the result of a little economizing on the part of the business manager with a view to the last edition."



CHINESE SUFFER BY  
CIVILIZATION

Madison, Wis.—The rapid adaptation of the Chinese to our western civilization is dangerous and detrimental to their own culture in the opinion of Henry Caldwell, who has been a guest speaker on the campus for the past week.

During the 32 years which Mr. Caldwell spent as a Christian missionary in China, he made an intensive study of the customs and manners of the people. The preacher attributes the present trend to the change in the Chinese government.

"The new republican form of government has also affected the actions of its people," Mr. Caldwell asserted. "Since the custom of foot binding was discontinued, Chinese women have more freedom than they ever had before."

"In the old regime, men and women, even husbands and wives, were never seen on the street in each other's company. Now, however, it is quite the usual thing to see them at the movies together."

"Education in China differs from that in the western world in the lower grades only. The children there start school much earlier than we do here, and the pupils rule the teachers. If the students decide not to come to school, they don't show up for classes and are not punished."

"In institutions of higher learning, the co-educational system has been tried, but so far it has not been successful. Chinese women, however, are attending colleges in large numbers and are proficient in music and poetry."

"There is a national movement now in China to perfect a unified language as people in towns 25 miles away have such different dialects that they cannot understand each other. On the whole, the Chinese people are a companionable nation, and I hope to make my permanent home here," Mr. Caldwell concluded.—McGill Daily.

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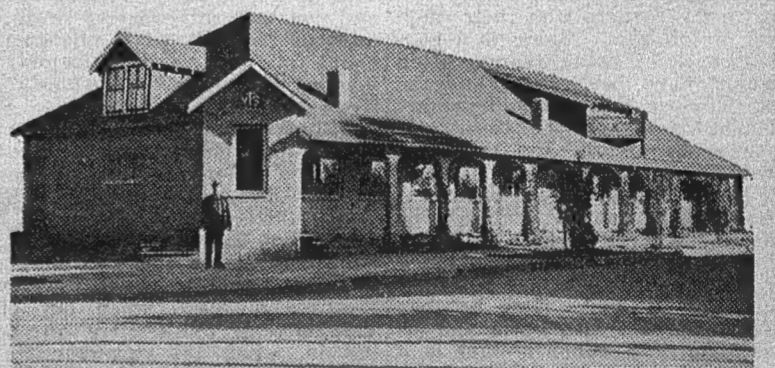
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## RIDICULOUS!

By H.W.J.

Ten commandments are there; and still another declared by Christ. But there is yet one more, a commandment of our present age—one which must be obeyed on pain of social ostracism: thou shalt not be ridiculous.

Indeed, among the Philistines and Pharisees of today this ruling has such force that a word of original reason, or one outside the beaten track of conventionality, falls upon ears stuffed with wax, or else provokes the immemorial lift of the brow and the shocked glance. There is the satisfying creed of the stand-patters, namely, "Thousands agree with me, and only a few with you, hence I can put you in your proper place without fear."

Principles and political opinions, religious tenets and practical morality have been the same for them yesterday, today and will be forever. The essence of their creed is: have a good array of convictions and principles for show-window purposes and get away with as much secret immorality and unorthodoxy as is humanly possible. But take care not to admit that you are otherwise than a paragon of virtue. To admit such would be ridiculous!

Hence our modern cant of bluff, and may the best bluffer win!

The instinct of these people to bellow along with the other ten million makes them proof against ideas as yet unstamped by mass approval. Hence they take great satisfaction in huddling over their cold fires of rote knowledge, content with a philosophy that might have been admirable twenty-five years ago, but is certainly outworn today. Like the sloth, they hang by their heels content with the "never-was" and blind with their smug sense of righteousness.

Hence, when speaking with an easily-shocked individual of democratic upbringing, do not voice any opinion that may be deemed to be jumping the track, or worse still, to be ridiculous. Hold it back at all costs unless you are sure you saw a similar sentiment expressed in some school text-book. If you do not you will live to rue the day, for, at some future date, when you have grown to more discreet years, your snortings of disgust changed to harmonious praises of your fellow-citizens who have just elevated you to high public office, someone will point the finger of scorn at you and utter, "Radical!" Which proceeding will force you to call up your attorney; what's more, litigation is costly—and ridiculous!

Therefore, to avoid future ridicule as well as to prevent present embarrassment, do not give expression to those pressing ideas of yours. They may be unorthodox; if not, they are probably merely hackneyed, and nobody will want to listen to them. Better to come out with a burning utterance concerning the state of the weather, or the condition of your own person. These are safe topics and come under the heading of light conversation—quite excusable, you know, the oportunity to the solid meal that will follow. Only so many people seem to be on a diet nowadays!

If, enraged with your long-continued repression, you dash around and finally locate a person you think will listen to your maunders, you will be disappointed. Tactfully, by dint of feeding him at the "Tuck" and in other ways suborning him shamelessly, you bring him to the psychological moment when you, so to speak, pop the question. You ask him about a problem that has been bothering you for some days. Breathlessly you wait for the answer, hoping against hope he will give some sign of being open-minded, that he will afford an admiring and appreciative audience for your clever views. But with his first hesitating, non-committal words your heart sinks. You are in for an hour of discussing pasts, hockey stars, motion pictures and girls. One can always discuss the latter; but, after all, even this interesting subject grows threadbare for the lack of fresh information. Ridiculous to proceed to discuss the subject you had in mind—you would probably put him to sleep!

This being an age of specialists, one must be careful with his parlor conversation. Before beginning any topic of a complex nature, look over your company carefully with a view to unearthing a specialist on the subject you wish to open up. If one is present, adroitly address him a question couched in simple, everyday English so that he will not have the opportunity to correct some misuse of technical phraseology on your part. Then gracefully retire.

If no expert is in the room, thank your lucky stars and throw about your scanty learning to the best advantage. Enjoy yourself, but always temper your joy with the foreboding that an expert might come in at any moment and make you appear ridiculous!

Another maxim to bear in mind is: do not support unpopular causes, much less lost causes; or else your peculiarity will mark you out for general ridicule. You will be the subject of certain lectures delivered by distressed fathers to jobless sons; they will use you as an awful example of what a misguided freedom of choice and action leads to! Your fair-weather friends will discuss your retrogression with scarcely-hid pity in their eyes.

So, all of you gentry who have a submerged yearning to break forth as ardent supporters of R. B. Bennett, De Valera, Gandhi, Hoover, Stalin, Mussolini and Karl Marx, don't give way to it unless you have already arranged for your passport and passage to some distant island where you may speak the truth that is in you.

## WELL-KNOWN GRADS BECOME ENGAGED

Barbara Linke Goes to France—  
Ken Conibear Continues  
Oxford Studies

Of interest to their many U. of A. friends is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Barbara Linke (B.A. '32) and Kenneth W. Conibear (B.A. '31 and Alberta Rhodes Scholar of that year).

Miss Linke will be remembered in university sport as 1929-30 vice-president of the Women's Athletic executive and as a defence player on the ladies' basketball team. She has been teaching in this province until recently, when she left to assume her duties as English assistant in a French normal school in Pau, southern France.

Kenneth "Scoop" Conibear, an ex-

Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway (1929-30), is enjoying the study of English at Oxford, and hopes to gain recognition as a novelist at an early date. In addition to holding various Gateway offices while at the U. of A., Ken was a member of the senior rugby squad, a boxing and wrestling enthusiast, and—last but by no means least—the derby-wearing goalkeeper of The Gateway Grizzlies hockey team. This last experience is the probable reason for his being chosen to play as a hockey goalie for Oxford during his stay in England.

Good luck, Ken and Barbara!

Soy was playing the piano. He paused to turned to "Herr" Graham, who seemed interested, and crooned "are you fond of music?" "Yes," Herr replied, "but keep right on playing."—Xaverian.

A movement for the conservation of cigarette butts has been established at the University of Missouri.

## COMMERCE DANCE PLANNED FRIDAY

Open Dance to be Held at St. Joseph's College

The Commerce Club has already commenced its activities with the usual vim and vigor so characteristic of former years.

The Honorary President this year is Mr. H. W. Henderson, and with a man of this calibre in our midst there is an absolute guarantee of a successful season.

With a "brand new executive" full of revolutionary ideas there is one more reason to say that the club is assured of an outstanding success. Such a prophecy might well be accorded to Merlin. Due to the excellent condition of the finances this year, the fees have been reduced

from \$1.50 to \$1.00.

A special inauguration will take place at St. Joe's on Friday, Oct. 14th, at 8:30 p.m., in the form of a dance. And when a dance is scheduled at St. Joe's, it is a dance. Tickets may be obtained from members of the executive, and as there is a limited amount to prevent overcrowding, see that you are not the one to be disappointed. This will be the first faculty dance of the season, and it is the opinion of many that this glorious jamboree should be discreetly recorded away lest it should far outshine all others.

Robert—Do you like promiscuous kissing?

Betty—I never had a date with him.—The Hornet.

Iowa State University.—A reading survey, compiled by the English department, revealed that women on the campus favored books while men preferred magazines.—Queen's.

## Weekly History Quiz

Nov. 12th

1. What was the Pancreatic League?
2. Why on earth did Nelson stand with his arms like this, while Napoleon stood with his arms like that? Kiss me Hard!
3. Locate somehow—San Flamingo, Tapioca, A Shante, Smearya, Axe-la-Chapeau and Alababa.
4. Which was the stronger swimmer?  
(a) The Spanish Armadillo.  
(b) The Great Seal.
5. Discuss in all directions the invention of the Thermosbottle by Leonidada.
6. Draw a Scotch-map of the Battle of Bannockburn. (Do not attempt to draw the distance very memorable.)
- \*7. Which is the more correct, 1889 or 1898?
- \*Do not attempt to answer this question.—Argosy.

# STRIPES



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# SENIORS TO BATTLE ALTOMAHS AT CALGARY TOMORROW

## Varsity Aggregation Hopes To Scalp Altomahs Saturday

Green and Gold Have Strong Club Ready for Battle on Monday, 3 p.m.—Coach Allen Wilson Has First-class Material to Choose From—Play in Calgary Tomorrow

Just how good are Allan Wilson's senior Varsity rugby squad? Rail-birds have already formed an opinion—a rather optimistic one. But the question will be definitely answered on Monday afternoon, when they will be pitted against the Calgary Altomahs.

Interscholastic and junior ranks have provided the Green and Gold with a wealth of promising material, and far from being a plugging, doddery team, the squad gives promise of fast-moving and spirited play that may carry them much further than early-season indications pointed.

### Wilson Non-Committal

Coach Allan Wilson, who twice coached the Moose Jaw Junior Maroons to the Dominion finals, refuses to make any promises as to his team's chances. But underneath this veil of silence, one gathers the impression that Wilson is quite satisfied with his team. He has been tirelessly drilling every man in the minutiae of his duty, with the result the team is springing into action with the smoothness of an efficient and baffling machine. The gridders have been embracing the tackling dummy with the gusto and fervor of Strangler Lewis. They have been hardened and toughened by a strenuous course of gymnastics, and have been busily engaged in the elaboration of tactics which would confute, confuse, afflict, molest and ruinously defeat the champion Altomahs!

### Varsity Strong in Aerial Attack

Ivan Smith is back again, and the way he is tossing forward passes is a real treat. He can throw short passes or long passes with uncanny accuracy.

Smith will share kicking duties with Guy Morton, stylish Freshman from Calgary, and a product of the Calgary interscholastic league. Claire Malcolm, Junior Altomah from Calgary, will always be ready to do the alternating. The booting in practice of each of these boys has been high-grade, hoisting the pigskin 45-50 yards with the consistency of veterans.

### Sturdy Line

Varsity will present a somewhat heavier line this season. It will average about 175 pounds. Coach Wilson states that the whole team should average about 170. At snap will be the ever-reliable Jock Cameron, one of last year's middles. Flanking him on either side will be Ev Borgal, also of last year's squad, and Ken Creighton. Len Parks and Fred Gale are slated for middles, and watch them

sock 'em and rock 'em from the start. Hargraves and Seminuk will also see duty in the line.

Wilf Hutton, who has seen service with three Green and Gold squads; Bob Zander, Freshman, who was with the Eskimos last year; Art Kramer, of last year's squad; and Lyle Jestley, formerly with U.B.C., give promise of providing tackling strength on the ends.

### Backfield Fast

Reg Moir, midget of the team, will be directing the play at quarter. He is no greenhorn at calling signals, playing with the Green and Gold two seasons ago, while last season he was with the Eskimos. On the half line, in addition to Smith and Morton, two of last year's Varsity juniors have been added: Don Wilson, a fine defensive player, of swimming fame, and Pete Rule, shifty backfield star. Bill Scott, Altomah junior from Calgary, is available for the half line or for the quarter position. Malcolm, a long, rangy kicker from the Calgary Junior Altomahs, Pete Gordon, Hal Richard and Talbot complete the squad.

### What of Calgary?

Little is known of the Altomahs. They doubtless are more experienced than the Green and Gold, as they already have had three years under their belt. Alex. McKenzie, kicking ace and brilliant broken field runner, is captain of the squad. An ex-Balmy Beach star, he is regarded as one of the finest players ever to don a uniform in the West. The Calgary team is built around his punting, passing and running ability.

### Turn Out to Cheer

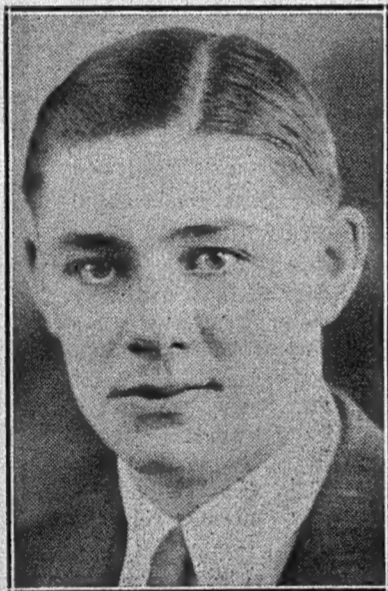
Varsity has a splendid team—a team that will fight from the first whistle—a team that will give all it has. Turn out and give them the support they deserve. They need you. And what's more, you are going to see a rugby game. Meet you at the grid at 3 p.m. Monday.

### Lineup:

Centre, Cameron; insides, Borgal, Creighton; middles, Parks, Gale; ends, Hutton, Zander; quarter, Moir; flying tackle, Smith; right half, Morton; centre half, Wilson; left half, Rule.

Alternates: Middles, Hargraves, Seminuk; ends, Kramer, Jestley; halves, Scott, Richard, Malcolm, Talbot, Gordon.

### HEADS ATHLETICS



FRED GALE

Men's athletics are in capable hands for a prosperous season.

## HUSKY LINEMAN



LEN PARKS

Who lends plenty of defensive and offensive strength to a first-class line.

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY LOSES STAND-BYS

### Hockey Manager Asks for Support from New Students

What is 1933-34 going to mean in terms of women's athletics here at the U. of A.? Whether or not it will mean big things depends to a great degree on the support it receives from the Freshettes we have been welcoming to the University.

Every line of sport wants recruits and more recruits. You need not be an expert to qualify. If you are—splendid! But if not, come along anyway. Track, tennis, badminton, hockey, swimming and basketball. A place for anyone interested in sport.

We bespeak your support for hockey. A little over a month and it will begin.

Last year's team will not again represent the University in hockey wars. Margaret Moore, our captain and first string centre, will not be in there for us this season, having graduated last spring. Our manager, Gwen Manning, is on the staff at Ponoka Mental Hospital at present. "Blue-Line" Mary Cogswell, one of our stalwarts, has given up the familiar hockey stick for a pencil and notebook. Commercial school had charms for our Mary. Good old Twig Horton, of the perennial smile and

easily working hockey stick, finds Vegreville Commercial a good place to be this term. Another place on the squad that must be filled—this time a defence position.

Despite these crippling losses, enough of the team has returned to form a nucleus around which the coach can start to build an effective machine for 1933-34. Marj Gibson, former star with the Drumheller Colleens and a shining light on our defense, has registered. A neat forward in the person of Marg McBain is with us again. Ruth Graham, valuable forward on last year's squad, intends to flash a hockey stick around with us once more. Rookie goalie last season, Norma Christie, hopes to don the Green and Gold a second season.

New material is in great demand. So if you skate come to the rink when the first hockey turn-out is asked. Remember, finished skill is not a prerequisite. What we want is lots of pep and enthusiasm. Coaching will produce the skill in time.

Whatever other lines of sport you follow, do report for hockey! Rally 'round, everybody! Help make 1933-34 a memorable season in women's athletics—especially hockey!

Frank Zinck—Those chicken sandwiches of Atwood's give me a headache.

Mickey McGlashen—Don't be so foulminded.—Dalhousie Gazette.

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT HAS LARGE ENTRY

### Matches Must Adhere to Following Schedule

This year entries for the tournament are exceptionally large. Seventy-three will contest the men's singles, 18 teams the men's doubles, and 5 teams the mixed doubles. Due to the large entry and the very limited season, all matches must be played according to the following schedule. All matches to be two out of three vintage sets, rule of Canadian Lawn Tennis Association to govern. Both players to a match are held responsible for arrangement of the match. Players failing to comply with the schedule through negligence will be defaulted without notice.

### Men's Singles:

Extra round to be completed by Tuesday, Oct. 3rd.

First round to be completed by Wednesday, Oct. 4th.

Second round to be completed by Friday, Oct. 6th.

Third round to be completed by Saturday, Oct. 7th.

Fourth round to be completed by Sunday, Oct. 8th.

Fifth round to be completed by Monday, Oct. 9th.

Final round to be completed Wednesday, Oct. 11th.

### Men's Doubles:

Extra round to be completed by Tuesday, Oct. 3rd.

First round to be completed by Thursday, Oct. 5th.

Second round to be completed by Saturday, Oct. 7th.

Third round to be completed by Monday, Oct. 9th.

Final round to be completed by Tuesday, Oct. 10th.

### Mixed Doubles:

Extra round to be completed by Wednesday, Oct. 4th.

First round to be completed by Friday, Oct. 6th.

Final round to be completed by Monday, Oct. 9th.

## WAUNEITAS EXTEND PERENNIAL WELCOME

### Freshettes Entertained and Feasted by Big Sisters

Thursday evening at 7:30 the entrance of Pembina was overcrowded with a cheery throng of Freshettes accompanied by good-hearted big sisters. Pouring out of the entrance into the moonlit night armed with cushions, rugs and mysterious bulky baskets, we doubled across the grid towards a bonfire which beckoned us with its ruddy glow.

Seated around the blaze Indian fashion, Freshettes were introduced by their big sisters to numerous dark forms representing the more exalted ranks of scholars, and were expected in future to recognize the person to whose voice they were introduced.

Corn was eaten, apples were demolished, and Freshettes were treated like queens.

Magdalena Polley gave a short talk on The Gateway, encouraging budding journalists to do their bit for Alma Mater. Muriel McNally acquainted the girls with University songs and yells, and the feeble note of the Freshette wavered and was finally lost amid the more lusty tones of her seniors.

Finally, as the embers glowed and died, we made our way home, thoroughly warmed, physically by the fire and spiritually by the hearty welcome provided by the Wauneitas.

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## WOMEN STUDENTS GET IN THE SWIM

### Swimming Representatives Discuss Hopes and Fears of Coming Season

Swimming's starting again; soon, we hope. Why, isn't Kay Swallow back again with her push-and-get-there spirit? Track occupies most of Ruth Freeman's time right now, but when swimming starts she'll be there. Betty Fox's face seems to indicate that she's carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders; maybe she's wondering if Kit Musgrave is going to be back to try diving again. I'm wondering if there's much new talent amongst the Freshettes. Surely with the number enrolled this fall there are some swimming enthusiasts present. All things considered, we expect to have a large club, vigorous and successful, this year.

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CHOICE OF

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## Thanksgiving

## Dinner

MONDAY, OCT. 9, 12 to 8 p.m.

Fruit Cocktail Oyster Cocktail

Cream of Tomato Soup Consomme Royal

Celery Olives

CHOICE OF

Fried Spring Chicken with Corn Fritters

Tenderloin Steak with Shoe String Potatoes

Ham Steak with Eggs, Southern Style

Roast Goose with Apple Sauce

Roast Young Turkey with Cranberry Sauce

Lettuce and Tomato Salad Sugar Corn

Mashed Turnips Boiled Potatoes

Mashed Potatoes Fried Sweet Potatoes

CHOICE OF

Steamed Plum Pudding, Caramel and Hard

Sauce

Deep Apple Pie and Whipped Cream

Pumpkin Pie Cantaloupe a la Mode

Fresh Strawberry Short Cake

Roquefort Cheese Cheddar Cheese

Tea Coffee Milk

50c.

# TRACK MEET TOMORROW

## Men's Athletic Association Plan Diversified Program

Basketball Practices Start Today—Coach Arnold Henderson Again Guides Team

### RUGBY SQUAD OBTAINS CAPABLE COACH

Prospects point to a banner year this season for most clubs under the Men's Athletic Association. While many of last year's stellar athletes have graduated from the scope of activities, their places will be filled with new material that has been in the process of development for the past few years. Added to this, we have many men who, without a doubt, will prove to be outstanding in their own field amongst this year's Freshmen.

#### Rugby Prospects Bright

Looking first at rugby, the sport which at the present time holds the interest of the majority of students, prospects look very bright. Coach Alan Wilson has for the past two years held the spotlight in Western Canadian junior rugby. Al hails from Moose Jaw, where he trained teams of such a calibre as to reach the Dominion finals for the past two consecutive years. Wilson, with the forty odd husky grid-men turning out, hopes to field a team that will be a real threat to Calgary for the Alberta Rugby Championship, and possibly to U.B.C. for the McGoun Cup.

Among men of previous Varsity senior experience we find Len Parks, Freddie Gale, Bill Hargraves and Ed Borgal, Fraser Mitchell and Jock Cameron in the line, while we have Harold Richard, Ivan Smith, Pete Gordon, Reg Moir in the backfield. Wilf Hutton, Clarence Cook and Lyle Jesty, on the ends, will again be performing for the good old Green and Gold squad. Added to this aggregation we have great hopes of big things from Pete Rule, Don Wilson, Ken Creighton, Art Kramer and Bill Semeniuk. In the Freshmen ranks such men as Guy Morton, Clare Malcolm, Lloyd Hutton, Jack Talbot, and Bob Tender give promise of rugby players of prime rank for this season and seasons to come.

There is a possibility that a secondary string of players may be picked to oppose the local Edmonton Athletic Club squad and provide a few more games on the campus this season.

Instead of having a junior team this year, we intend to raise the calibre of rugby played by inter-faculty teams. These teams are already organized, and are training in preparation for a month's schedule, beginning October 11th. An attempt will be made to obtain leave from lectures for men partaking in games in order to facilitate the starting of games at 4 or 4:15 p.m. In this way games will finish without the necessity of footlights.

#### Coach Returns to Squad

Now turning to basketball, the next major sport to get under way. We feel very fortunate in having a coach of the calibre of Arnold Henderson to again guide the destinies of the club.

The first basketball practice has been called for Friday, October 6th.

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## SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

### Hail! King Football.

The best-looking team since Wally Sterling led his intercollegiate champions to the heights in 1928 will take the field in Calgary Saturday to officially open the football season.

Alan Wilson's latest edition of the Golden Bears are not being rated very highly by the Indians, but by the time Saturday evening rolls around a decided change of opinion should have taken place in the minds of the good burghers in the southern city.

The shiftiest backfield that has ever graced the grid, flanked by a set of ends that has both speed and tackling ability, should go far to bring winning rugby back to the campus. The line is more of an unknown quantity. Parks and Gale, veterans of the rugby wars, will be back in their positions at middle wing. If the newcomers to the squad, Creighton, Borgal and Cameron, new at the center position this fall, can carry their share of the burden, young Mr. Wilson should wear a beaming smile when the bus returns from the south next Sunday.

As the line goes, so goes the team.

Ivan Smith and Guy Morton will carry the kicking and passing duties for the squad, and no better backfielder than Smith is playing the game in Alberta. Morton is a Freshman this year. His kicking and passing has been a sensation of the early season workouts, and he bids fair to rival Smith with a little more experience.

Scott, Talbot, Rule, Zander, and the youngest of the Huttons—"Blimey"—to you—make up the total of the newcomers to the team. Plenty of ability in the list and plenty of potential grief for the Indians.

### NOTICE RE YEAR BOOK FEES

Will all students of the University please note that the dates for the return of Year Book fees have been set by the Students' Council as Oct. 16th and 17th. No fees will be returned except on these days.

### FLEET-FOOTED END



WILF HUTTON

Who needs no introduction as a rugby player. He is one of the chief reasons for Ivan Smith's punts staying where they land, and he makes a good climax to a forward pass.

## WOMEN'S TENNIS HAS LARGE ENTRY

Kay Swallow and Lois Hammond Favored for Finalists

The women's tennis tournament swung into action on Tuesday with a total entry list of 26. It is hoped that the second round at least will be played off by next Tuesday. Besides the favored Kay Swallow and Lois Hammond, great things are expected of Gertrude Ellert and Lois Latimer. These four are also paired in the doubles, in which there are ten entries. Given an extended period of fine weather, the tennis tournament promises some interesting finals, and a brand of tennis which will set up real opposition to any invading university.

## GOLF TOURNAMENT OPENED ON SUNDAY

Expected to Wind-up Next Week

The annual Varsity golf tournament began on Sunday under ideal weather conditions. Of the twenty-four men who turned out, the first sixteen qualified for the championship flight, and the next eight in the consolation flight.

Bill Hoar, defending champion, again led the field with a 77 on the narrow Prince Rupert course. John Shipley and Bob Procter were close behind with 79's.

The majority of first round matches have been played, with the following results:

Don Mackenzie won from D. Crosby, 4 and 3.

Dick Large won from Bob Cruickshank, 1 up.

Bob Procter won from Don McLaws, 4 and 3.

John Shipley won from Alan Macdonald, 6 and 5.

Johnny McNeill won from Al Murray, 3 and 1.

The special medal handicap prize was won by Johnny McNeill with a net 67.

The tournament is to finish some time next week with the contestants playing at their own time.

## Women Track Stars Training For Annual Field Day

Beatrice Gillespie and Irene Barnett Bring New Threats in Sprints and High Jumps—Jenny Filipkowski, Helen Ford and Ruth Freeman Back Again

At the beginning of this week the girls began turning out for track practice at the grid, and we find two very prominent athletes among the Freshette ranks. There is Beatrice Gillespie, who comes to us from Victoria High School. Bea is a real sprinter, having held city and provincial records, and was one of Alberta's representatives at the Olympic trials at Hamilton in 1932. Irene Barnett

has come to us from Stratheona High. Jenny Filipkowski, the individual champion of last year, will do her bit in the meet again this year. Our President of Women's Athletics, Helen Ford, handicapped last year by an injured arm, offers stiff competition in the weights, sprints and jumps. Our manager, Ruth Freeman, is getting everything in readiness for Saturday's meet, as well as jogging around the track herself; and Coach Ernie Williams will be glad to lend a hand to anyone, whether a star or not. While it is not yet certain whether or not there will be an intervarsity meet, we still have hopes, and will be ready to give any team that comes a "run" for their money.

### PILOTS WINNERS



ALLEN WILSON

New rugby coach, whose experience in building two junior Dominion finalists for Moose Jaw has resulted in U. of A. turning out a squad of championship calibre.

## MISS JOSIE KOPTA MISSING FROM TEAM

Track Meet Called for 10 O'clock Saturday

On Saturday athletic members of the University will match their skill and prowess at the annual Varsity track meet at the grid, which is scheduled to commence at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Sprints, jumps, weights, hurdles and distance running will be the events of the day. Members of this year's Varsity track team will be decided, who will represent Varsity at the Intersarsity Track Meet to be held here on Oct. 14th, as well as the individual ladies' and men's champion. At this latter meet it is hoped that the University of Alberta will be host to the University of Saskatchewan track team, but arrangements have not been completed as yet.

#### Many New Faces

Nearly all of the members of last year's team are back again, and with the addition of several new faces, this year's team promises to be stronger than ever. Coach Ernie Williams, who has held the coaching position for many years, has been putting the athletes through their paces daily for the past week, and shares with President of Track, Don Gardner, hopes of winning the Cairns Cup for this year.

#### Old-Timers Back

Striving for a place on the men's team are all of the old-timers of last year—Riley, who starts in sprints; Cruickshanks in jumps and hurdles; Woznow in jumps, Gardner in distances, Kunelius in weights, Melling in sprints, and Pasternack in sprints. Others not as well known as those above, but who nevertheless show much ability, are: Kostash in distances, Thomson in distances, Thompson in distances.

(Continued on Page Ten)

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# CO-ED COLUMNS

## ESSAY ON MEN

To all the Wauentias in the hope that they will find some substance in this essay.

Two things in this world superior I own  
And of the greater do I make my moan,  
So with apologies to Doctor Pope,  
I fain would write of men, and Life-buoy soap.  
Now, men from clipped head to polished boot,  
Are, in the jargon of the age too cute.  
That twist of the wrist when they seek the time,  
Is simply too thrilling to put into rhyme.  
The tilt of the hat to conceal one eye  
Is the cause of every fair lady's sigh.  
Sighs too pour forth when the boys are fickle,  
But there's nothing for love like a large dill pickle.  
Enough of their good points (they haven't more)  
It's the naughty ones that we all adore.  
With good round oaths they panic the ladies  
Oaths intimately connected with Hades.  
They mutter of their dark and sinful past  
And one can see an angel writing fast.  
St. Peter had to keep him past the hour



Wise Women Buy

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(And pay him overtime in heavenly power.)

But in the doomsday book it all must go,

Remember? "For the Bible tells us so."

I think the Hush would love to rent it out

And governments would pass a law no doubt.

And Oxford groups could read aloud their sins

And holy men would grin unholy grins

Thanking their lucky stars they'd sown no wild oats.

Nor had to make a bonfire of their boats.

Alas, I fear I wander with my pen Far from my task of eulogizing men.

They have a complex of a high degree

In science called superiority.

It made a monkey into a man Rather after the Darwinian plan.

Men are not but sophisticated apes With a passion for the fermented juice of grapes.

They have hairy chests and meaningless chatter

And proteins make them grow fatter and fatter.

They have no god but their own little ego

And a strong dislike for pudding called sago.

They choose their shirts as they choose their ties

Just because they flatter their eyes.

They haunt beer-parlors and cabarets In search of liquor or legs to praise.

I think Fate evolved them for fun But never finished what she had begun.

The gay gallants and sparkling wits are now

The cynic, scoffer, drudge or cool highbrow.

The art of subtle flattery is gone And, save for Father Knox the epigram's in pawn.

Had Sir Galahad's publicity not been so good

He'd have loved the maidens if he could.

So self-termed women haters of today

Wear martyrs masks, as heroes in a play.

Amazing creatures, animals of mood Solely dependent on their breakfast food.

Though we consider men a pest Except for wives, we mean it as a jest.

Their eccentricities and whims excusing

The girls should find them still to be amusing.

And thank whatever Nemesis there is That ale is pleasing underneath the fizz.

Now surely I have nearly done my column

But first let me in accents solemn Deal, in a line or two, with Lifebuoy soap.

With which I find it easier far to cope.

It is in several aspects much like men In lather and in slipperiness you ken.

But heaven be praised that men are not as pink

Or quite as purifying and yet I think That I, please God if ever choice is mine

Should choose the men. I think they're just divine.

Again I ask the pardon of Doctor Pope

My metre, I admit is quite beyond hope

But I trust that my essay is easy to read

And taken to heart by Adam and breed.

—A Woman.

## WE VIEW WITH ALARM

... the bevy of beautiful girls who are creating such a sensation by their recent advent within our sacred portals. We, who are snooty seniors, we who are jaunty juniors, and we who are sophisticated sophs—we note with growing trepidation the fearful results which the heady ammunition carried by the Freshettes is causing. Of what use our studied snootiness, our cheerful jauntness, our years of search for "quaecumque vera"—if, at a blow, it be all obliterated by the furor caused by Freshettes? True, we have our studies, and our photographs and our blue-ribboned letters—even the odd dance program over which to fondly reminisce. Life has a few compensations. The bloom wears off the peach, the perfume off the rose, etc., etc., and even we were Freshettes once.

## "MALAISIE"

"Malaisie" is a psychological novel by a clever Frenchman—Hugh Fauconner. It was a prize-winner two years ago, and because of its continental origin has been some time seeping into American reviews.

It is an outstandingly good translation. Its straightforward and lucidly simple diction savors almost of American directness. Bearing none of the ponderous grammatical constructions of the ordinary translated work, it is a marvel of clearness.

The author uses his own experience of fifteen years ago as a rubber planter in the Malay peninsula as material for a most amazing portrayal of the lives and emotions of the white men and natives.

It is a hard book to describe. Practically without plot and certainly lacking in informative description, it nevertheless holds one's attention as few literary works can. One retains only a blurred and fascinating picture of a strange country and stranger people. This picture does not come through the avenues of description and adventure, but rather through the mental impressions and spiritual wanderings of a man who is trying to find an inward peace, partly through beauty in nature, and more completely through his love for his friend.

It is not the usual story of the Oxford lad going to pieces over the shimmer of grass skirts and the heady "arrack" of the coconut. It is the story of a strong man, inclined to introversion, who creates his own happiness in hard work, in timely indulgences without regrets, in a keenly developed appreciation of nature, and the intimate friendship of a man,

stronger than most.

We follow the author-hero on his daily work on the plantation, and we marvel how with one stroke here and another there, he gives us a vivid picture of the native Malays. His ability to make us feel beauty is remarkable. Nothing could be more exquisite than the love story of the young native poet and his "little Green Coconut." True, it ends in tragedy, but a tragedy which is singularly satisfying. The delicate feeling of the native love songs and the intense appreciation of tropical nature, suggests Fauconner is more of a philosopher-poet than a writer of adventurous fiction.

This lyrical touch is most effectively silhouetted by the most startling realism. With a sudden masculine force, almost suggestive of the German Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," the author gives us a gruesome portrayal, as perfect in its very completeness as the scenes of natural beauty. It is as if we had been gazing in admiration at a wonderful house, when suddenly the front is slashed away and we are looking in fascination and disgust at the filthy and uncared-for interior. Such for example is the sudden sight of one of the planters in a pitiable state of drunkenness—drunk not on any native concoction nor on English wine, but—and the very perfection of the phrasing fascinates while it repels—on the alcohol which had preserved his snakes in his amateur museum.

Although a study in personality harmony, unlike Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession," and Morgan's "The Fountain," Fauconner does not promise a lot and then let us down in his conclusion. On the contrary his opening pages offer no bribe or mysterious secret as an incentive to its complete perusal. He portrays the progression of a man's thought, a man's philosophy and blurred outlines each of us recognizes his own

## SEX EQUALITY

Will Chivalry Go?

Equality for the sexes! The age-old cry—what Eve said to Adam, what Mrs. Pankhurst said to Mr. Pankhurst, and what Tilly said to Jim—has again come up for discussion.

Like every other question The Union have ever debated, there is something to be said on both sides, and in the middle. (In England, they call them Middlesex.) We have often wondered why women want it, all that we seem destined to meet are so very superior. However, they want it, ours not to reason why, ours merely to surrender our pants and hope for the best.

The Editor of a contemporary journal states: "University women should be encouraged by the promise of non-discrimination, and University men should be overjoyed. The last medieval traces of chivalry are to go. Women who force men out of work because of superior ability or lower wages cannot expect those men to offer their seats in street-cars or relinquish their place in line for the 'weaker' sex."

"Women who come under the glittering title of Gold Diggers can occasionally expect a hearty poke on the nose from disgusted men." (Oh yeah, I'd like to see him poke the nose of the Gold Digger I was out with last night.) "Men also can expect similar treatment from women who do not appreciate the predatory advances of unethical swains." He finishes on the note, "What will women think of equality when they get it?"—Honi Soit.

## JOY

I'd like to be  
An artist,  
But I cannot draw  
Nor paint.  
I'd like to be  
A sculptor,  
But I could not carve  
A saint;  
I'd like to be  
A poet,  
But I would not write  
A line;  
I guess I'll be  
Myself.  
Why not? For joy is  
Ever mine.

mental peregrinations.

It is essentially a man's book, yet it cannot fail to interest all who lost in the maze of their own philosophy, welcome the story of a fellow wonder.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL MAJOR ACTIVITY

### Senior Basketball Faces Unusual Difficulties in Loss of Valuable Players

These few words are to follow up and supplement what has been said in the Handbook. They are directed primarily to the new students. These are the students on which our future depends—yes, even our present.

Basketball as a sport suffered greatly due to graduation. Many of the most valued members have left us for other fields of endeavor. However, no matter how good they were, we who are left are convinced that among the Freshettes of today are girls who are potentially even better players. Let's get together and see if we can turn out the best team the Varsity has had. I know it will be a good one, but we want even a better one than that. This year we will have to defend out intervarsity title. Manitoba has tried unsuccessfully for the past eight years to wrest the title from us. This year they feel they have the team to do this. Thus we need a good strong team, which is willing to work hard and willing to play well, so that U. of A. will hold this cup for the ninth consecutive year.

The way the team is chosen is really quite simple. Notices are put up on the bulletin boards in the Arts Building and in Pembina about the hours of the first practices. At these practices about 30 to 40 girls turn out. After two or three weeks this squad is cut to about 15 girls. From this group the team of eight is finally chosen. The first large group of girls continues to play basketball in the House League teams. Here they get experience which will stand them in good stead for the next year. Don't feel badly if you don't make the squad. Remember that you aren't the first to have been eliminated. Remember, too, that if you prove outstanding on the House League teams you will be asked to join the senior squad. If you have possibilities we want you on the team as much as you wish to be on it.

So watch the notice boards, or see me personally. Here's for the best year in basketball Alberta has ever seen.

KAY SWALLOW,  
Mgr., Women's Senior Basketball.

University of Michigan. — More than 200 university students use airplanes as a means of transportation to and from home over holidays.—Queen's.

## INITIATION HELD FOR FRESHETTES

Many New Squaws Admitted Into Tribe

The floor strewn with Autumn leaves and the glow of campfires casting a ruddy light over the scene, Athabasca gym was the setting on Tuesday evening for the Annual Wauneta Initiation ceremony.

All the new girls, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, met in the lower Wauneta rooms at seven thirty and marched slowly and silently across the campus in the early Autumn dusk, to the gymnasium. Here each was given a brightly colored Indian blanket and to the soft music of the tribal song filed slowly past the various campfires until they came to the tent of the president of Waunetas, Miss Muriel Massie. Here they were given the official welcome and received as members of the organization. Then the files wound their way to the tents of the sophomore, Junior and Senior representatives in the persons of Miss Jean Irwin, Miss Margaret MacKenzie and Miss Pat Gibson, where the crossed feathers of tradition and the faggots of friendship were bestowed upon them. Later the faggots were placed upon the communal bon-fire, that its flame of friendship might burn brighter during the coming year.

Following the ceremony an informal dance was held to enable the girls to get together and become acquainted and refreshments served to the groups sitting in Indian fashion about the room added to the enjoyment of the evening.

## TO A FRESHETTE

Here's to you, the Present;  
To joys and sorrows too;  
To stormy days and pleasant ways,  
To what there is to do.

Why worry over future things,  
And what's in store for you  
When all that really matters is  
Doing what there is to do.

So here's to you, the Present,  
To all that may seem new,  
To ending strife, to joy, to life,  
To what there is to do.

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## FICTIONS—TRAVELS

By Hal J. Moreau

It is the author's intention in this column to present alternately a short story and an essay on voyaging.

The yarns, of course, will be entirely fictitious, and will deal with a wide variety of topics—war, angles, slants, crime and such—but, due to the necessity of condensation, may not be as smoothly penetrating or as widely analytical as would be longer stories.

The brief sketches on travel will likewise be comprehensive in scope but narrow in particular presentation. Culled from the author's own experiences, from those of his friends and from other reliable sources, they no doubt will contain interesting as well as valuable matter.

First number of the series, appearing below, is a short story of war-times—dealing not with the actual fighting, though that affords an essential background, but rather with the enduring, unexcited love man bears for man.

## Friend's Honour

(1)

It was late afternoon on a rather cold and very muddy day in October—less than a mile behind the front.

Seated on an upturned box on the south side of a shed which served as regiment canteen, Dr. Russell stared gloomily ahead of him—stared uncomprehendingly at the smoky horizon, the low hanging, grey clouds and the intermittent flashes of dull red which explained the continuous roar that swelled across the plain.

Even the screech of a stray shell as it rocketed above the hospital to his right, failed to arouse him from that dismal reverie.

Two of his regiment, No. 30, were wading through the mud, performing those duties so necessary in reserve sections, expecting momentarily to be moved into the trenches. It was a chance remark of one of these men that finally brought him to a realization of his surroundings: "Looks like regiment 27 on the move, eh?"

Dr. Russell looked up instantly to see a mass of closely packed men pour out of the fog and smoke which hung over the lines. The distance and weather made visibility poor, but the position of the men showed that it was indeed "27" on the move. It cut across the muddy field and,

manoeuvring in a semicircle, took up a new position to the right and in front of the reserves.

"There goes Keith," mused the doctor aloud. He got slowly to his feet and entered the shed.

"Keith!" snorted a private with extreme derision. "He means Captain Russell!"

"Yea—his brother."

"And a traitor!"—the private spat angrily into a pool of water. "He's the fellow who's been giving away all the information and causing our weak spots to be reached so surely. I'd like to see him, I would."

"Well," barked a voice at his elbow, "here's your chance!"

The private swung around in time to meet the stony stare of a captain wearing the uniform of regiment 27. He saluted sneeringly and marched off. The newcomer, who had thus claimed to be Russell, ran his eye over the various groups of soldiers. Already word of his arrival had spread among them.

"E's the bloomin' spy 'e is!"—the sibilant whisper easily reached the captain. He made no answer, but pushing open the shed door went in. Someone in the yard shouted, "Enter, Spy Russell!"

The doctor, standing in a dejected position by a window, was the only occupant of the room.

"Captain Leroy!" he exclaimed at sight of the other. Then nervously, "What brings you here? Has Keith been . . .?"

"Sh! Not so loud! I'm masquerading as your brother—the men already take me for him."

"But . . . what do you mean? Keith is absolutely taboo in this crowd, and if you persist in masquerading under his name, I frankly warn you the consequences may be disastrous."

"I'll take the risk. He hasn't been given a fair chance to clear himself."

"He wouldn't take it if he had. He knows that it would be useless—worse than useless, for it would expose him to the natural but misdirected scorn of our men. The resulting noise would echo through the entire army and so home."

"Therefore," said Leroy soberly, "he's back at the front—in the thickest of it. Refused his transfer to the reserves here?"

"Of course."

"But surely he can explain—or someone can explain for him?"

"Captain, you had a report of what I said to these men? Well, then, you know that every plea I used—and I used them all—was thrown away, useless, not worthy of their consideration. Even Keith cannot clear himself—he would if he could."

"Several of our officers were sent out, a few nights ago, to find the leak in our ranks. Information, it was well known, had been trickling out somewhere. As they were on the road to the front they saw two men meet and converse a while. Then one slipped a package into the other's hands and dashed off down Cat's Ravine. Our officers closed in on the remaining man—who had also taken a few steps towards the gorge. They confiscated the package—a bunch of letters from the enemy containing instructions for spy 'C.'"

"The man was Keith . . ."

"Damnably, I'll admit. But . . . Keith's story? You saw him before he returned to '27'?"

"That he was coming here alone, that night, after receiving his transfer, when he was suddenly stopped by a man who evidently mistook him for someone else. Keith was about to tell him so when our officers appeared on the scene. Sight of them seemed to throw terror into the stranger. He thrust a package into Keith's hands, shot out a string of foreign words, and vanished into the shadows. Of course Keith understood too late, and attempted to follow the spy. He was prevented by the soldiers."

"His explanation saved him from taking a walk at dawn, but . . . it does not clear his name. And our men well certainly do everything in their power to spread his 'disgrace.'"

Dr. Russell ceased speaking, and Captain Leroy took a distracted turn about the room. "You are the only one here," he said at last, "who knows that I am Leroy. Will you permit me to remain as Keith?"

"What good would it do?" countered Russell. "None. On the contrary, it would do great harm by stirring up hatred, spreading the story, and showing me what Keith can expect. No, no . . ."

"Yes!" Leroy glared angrily at the doctor—he would play his ace card. "Russell, you promised—when . . . when I saved your life—that you would do anything in your power for me."

"And I meant it, too."

"Then let me plead for Keith—as Keith. Let me face the men in this

room tonight and attempt once again to remove that stain."

"You put it in such a way that it is almost impossible to refuse."

"Absolutely impossible—if you keep your word."

Russell bowed his head. "You're Keith for a day," said he.

(2)

The canteen was crowded to capacity that night with an unusually noisy mob of men milling around the tables. They had just heard, with at least a show of toleration, the brief story which "Captain Russell" had to offer, and now let their indignation have full sway. The defence had been unsatisfying—nothing proven—merely the ordinary trumped-up explanation of a traitor suspected.

"E's an 'umberg," piped one. "Save 'is face, will 'e? Not if 'e leaves it 'ere much longer, the burnin' spy!"

"So you won't believe me?" shouted Leroy from his table-platform in the centre of the room.

"Course we won't. What d'ya take us fer?"

"Then will you believe me if I say that there's a spy in this room?"

"Sure—and 'e's not behind me either!"—this from a private who was seated directly in front of the speaker.

A chorus of applause went up from the men, drowning the voice of Leroy. "Why, bless me, mates! You'd think the darlin' wanted to go 'ome, you would. Get a nice easy path to 'is mother's arms—through enemy territory!"

"One of you want just that!" returned Leroy, as ugly threats were hurled at him from all corners of the room.

"Then 'ou is 'e? Tell us 'is name?" "Name?" sneered another. "Why, Captain Russell, of course."

"No, men. I know his name, but want to give him a chance to come clean—save him from the squad, perhaps."

"Then 'ou is 'e? Blawst you!" This private was not the only one on the verge of violence.

Leroy still hesitated—the men scrambled madly to their feet. "You'd better watch yer step, mister, goin' back to yer regiment this night," threatened several. They began to push towards the door, sickened at the sight of a "traitor."

It could be read plainly on their faces. Captain Leroy waited until the noise and confusion reached a new peak—his eyes were shining; for success, so very expensive, was within grasp. . . .

"All right," he bellowed, "I've given him fair warning."

The soldiers wavered. Could his story possibly be true? Did he know . . . ?

"Now, since he won't speak himself, I'll tell you . . ." His bluff was never completed. A shot rang out from the midst of the scowling, jeering soldiers.

"Captain Russell" plunged from the table.

(3)

It was in the little hospital ward. Dr. Russell, his tired face punctured with anxiety and lack of sleep, removed the bandage from his patient's eyes.

Leroy glanced up. "I say," he whispered, "did you see the man who shot me?" That short, fat fellow with the scar?"

Russell bit his lip. Death was the punishment for murder—even in times of war. But in this case the guilty man had thought the other a traitor.

"No, Leroy, I . . . I didn't see him," he said hoarsely.

"Fine! I know now that you did. Well, he is spy 'C.'"

"What?"

"Sure, don't you see? That's why I went there tonight—to make him reveal himself. There was a spy here, in this regiment—not Keith—then somebody else . . ." He paused for breath. Then, "As soon," he continued, "as I began to speak tonight I spotted him. He was in an absolute funk, and showed it."

"I worked on him—made the men show their ugly side and reveal what they would do to a spy. Then I pretended that I knew him and all his history, including his name. He fell for the trap I set: alive I would be his death; dead, the soldiers would see that he went unharmed."

"When the men almost broke bounds and I bluffed, he slinked towards me, fingering his service revolver . . ."

"Why, in the name of heavens, didn't you tell me?"

"And spoil everything? I had to make him shoot me, and take the chance. I've won . . ."

"But the proof of his guilt?"

"Proof? There is none—yet. There will be. He's a murderer now, in his own mind—a dead man if the soldiers expose him. They won't, of course."

Leroy paused while the doctor, a puzzled frown on his forehead, adjusted a thick roll of bandages on the patient's shoulder.

"The rest—to get proof of Keith's innocence—is up to you." Leroy was showing distressing signs of fatigue.

"Go to him—accuse him of murder—tell him I'm dead and the men are ready to see justice done. He'll tell about spy 'C.'—the voice grew weaker—when he realizes that he's a dead man anyway . . . Make him realize that . . . third degree sometimes useful." The voice ceased as Leroy fell into a restful sleep.

Cold dawn crept out of the misty east as Captain Keith Russell raced over the shell-torn ground towards the hospital of regiment 30. As he rounded a corner of the canteen he passed a file of grim-lipped guards marching from the barracks. Spy "C" was going to face the squad.

Dr. Bigelow—What deliquescent do they put on the road to keep the dust down?

"Doc" Folkins—Concrete, sir!—Argosy Weekly.

## MELANCOLICA

With what light grace and soft compelling ways

Our newer brethren flit about these days;

With what diversity of rude reaction The show adaption to each new distraction.

The sacred precincts ring with bird-like chatter, The sacred walks are spurned with noisy clatter.

The Tuckshop, once the bourne of calm reflection, Is now where seniors go to get correction.

The mystic threshold over which to pass Was once an honor, now is grown with grass.

The ominous frowns which once checked childish passion Are gone, soft looks are now the fashion.

Oh, what vile potions have we lately drunk! Feature a senior, toting a heavy trunk!

Picture a freshman sitting idly by, With seniors sweating, sighing sigh 'pon high!

Protect us from this ultra haberdashery, From these moustaches, pipes, and other trashery.

We made one try, but it, alas, fell through, We tried to crash the dance, it wouldn't do . . .

For Doctor Arnold and his lusty mates Stood staunch and firm before the narrow gates.

Unyielding in their grand determination To guard their children from contamination.

And sturdy Gale, he stood there too, And bared his lusty arm for all to view.

When this we saw we paused, and through our ranks A murmur ran—we had no tanks!

Reduced to tears by all this staunch array, We hurried out to try another way.

The wind was cold and through the windows came muttered "Shame!"

Sweet strains of music; someone We did get in, we had a dance or two.

But as I said, we know the thing fell through, But now to work, and there at least we know

That knowledge and experience never grow On trees for tender fledglings who fly slow

And cannot get to port if strong winds blow. —PARR KERR.

Blimp (in corner Drug Store)—Have you any sentimental valentines?

Clerk—Yes, here's one: To the only girl I love.

Blimp—Okay. Gimme half a dozen.—Argosy Weekly.

Sargent—How was the Geology lecture?

Shatford—Fine. I was rocked to sleep.—Dalhousie Gazette.

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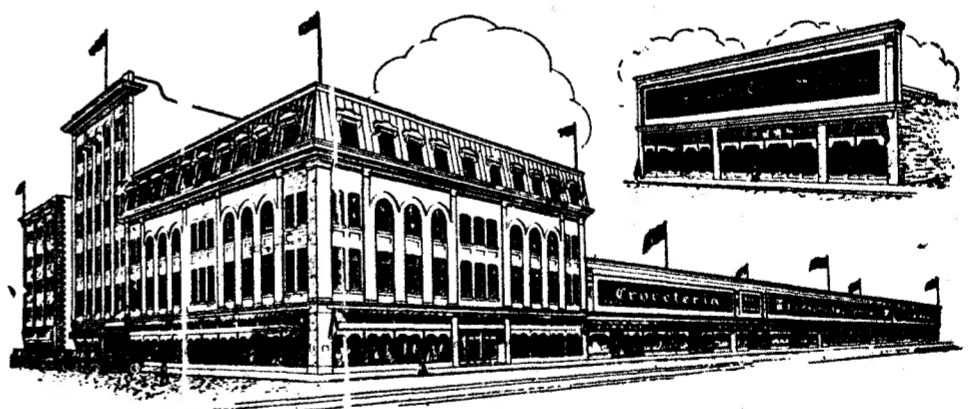
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Now as always—

"Perseverance is the Secret of Success"

## Interfaculty Rugby Organized Wednesday

GAMES TO START OCTOBER 11th—SCIENCE vs. ARTS-COM.

Interfaculty rugby has finally got away, under the able supervision of Lad Kostash, who is this year's interfaculty rugby manager. A meeting was held on Wednesday to discuss the program for the season, and despite the poor turnout of prospective players, a schedule was drawn up, and the manager of each team was appointed. This year there are to be four teams, whereas last year there were only three. The teams and their managers are as follows: Pharm-Med-Dents under the scrutiny of Fred Conroy; Arts-Com directed by George Casper; Ag-Law under "Red" Davison, and the Science led by Don Freeze.

It is hoped that as many men will turn out as possible, as a good season is hoped for, and that cannot be accomplished if the players do not turn out to the practices. Practices have already started, but that does not prevent any new recruits from coming out and getting a try-out. It is also to be hoped that old players who are sure of positions will nevertheless attend the practices, and thus make it easier for those who are new to the game to get an understanding of how the game is played. A special request for Freshmen is desired by the managers. There will be practices every day out in front of the residences up until the schedule games start.

It is to be hoped that the games can get under way on Oct. 11th with a contest between the Science and the Arts-Com. By getting the games started as early as this, it is hoped that the finals will be over before the winter sets in.

It is to be greatly hoped that there will be more fans of interfaculty rugby this year than there was last season, because, strange as it may

seem to some, if the fans lose interest the players do doubly so, and the league then is shattered.

Lad Kostash has also sent in a request for linemen and referees, so if any care to volunteer it would be advisable to try and get in touch with him or any one of the team managers as soon as possible.

Well, see you at the game on the 11th, fans.

The time-table for the season is as follows:

Oct. 11—Sci vs. Arts-Com.  
Oct. 13—Ag-Law vs. P.M.D.  
Oct. 16—Arts-Com vs. Ag-Law.  
Oct. 20—Ag-Law vs. Sci.  
Oct. 18—Sci vs. P.M.D.  
Oct. 23—P.M.D vs. Arts-Com.  
Oct. 25—Arts-Com vs. Sci.  
Oct. 27—P.M.D vs. Ag-Law.  
Oct. 30—Ag-Law vs. Arts-Com.  
Oct. 31—P.M.D vs. Sci.  
Nov. 3—Sci vs. Ag-Law.  
Nov. 6—Arts-Com vs. P.M.D.  
Nov. 8—Postponed games.  
Nov. 11—Semi-final.  
Nov. 13—Final.

### MAIN STREET

(Continued from Page Three)

already declining Main Street of much of its business importance. Places of business shut down and boarded up the windows. Now, like striking tombstones or relics of a previous age they continue to insult the eyes. And yet they stand! If I could without sacrilege parody an old text I might put it briefly thus: "By their shacks ye shall know them." A people's architecture reflects the aspirations and the inward lives of its individuals.

I will not quarrel about it; these things exist. By incendiary methods, possibly, one could do something. But as long as individualism in business persists, this eternal waste (and its consequent ugly results) must go on and on.

That is one reason, and there are others depending on it: the Western Canadian is not particularly interested in his environment, usually, except as a thing from which he will ultimately escape. That is one explanation of squat farmhouses with their beautiful and substantial barns adjacent. The idea has led to "wheat mining" and the consequent deterioration of the soil; it has meant the erection of thousands of "temporary" buildings, which will serve until the individual, farmer or business man, has enough money to quit the bald prairie and live in a city. (Not that I blame anyone for leaving the prairie! Far from it!) Look at the churches of a small town as an example—weak, tottering frame structures, with their inevitable Gothic windows (which alone stamp them as ecclesiastical structures), and you have an example. Why is it? Are their other reasons besides economic ones? There seem to be, but they depend on economic conditions.

In the first place, tradition has an enormous amount to do with it. Tradition is an essential to any civilization, and yet it is just this that is lacking. The people of this country

### MEN'S ATHLETICS PREPARE PROGRAM

(Continued from Page Seven)

Cherrington, Shipley, Cruickshank, Kramer and Smith.

The early start will enable those newcomers and persons who have the potential ability to develop, and previous experience will play but little part. Special attention will be given to these players. Accordingly, all those who are interested in basketball are urged to turn out.

There will be a senior, intermediate and junior team this year, each squad carrying about 10 men.

Practises will be held on Fridays and Wednesdays at 4 p.m. until further notice.

#### Tennis Competition Keen

In the tennis field we find much enthusiasm around over the tennis tournaments now being played. From what may be gathered from sport gossip, Guy Morton and George McFadden, of Stettler, along with Tom Bellamy and Fred Davis, seem to be the logical finalists for tennis honors out of a field of 73 entries.

Morton's record in the quarter final of the provincial open tournament as well as in the Ferris Cup semi-finals, point to him as a man hard to beat.

Along with Morton we should link the name of McFadden, who as a contestant in the tennis cup event for two years, seems to be another man who will go far in tennis.

There are several others, such as Bill Anderson and Dick Harburt, who may upset the dope if they get into their usual good form.

#### Hockey Surveyed

Hockey will soon be getting under way, and much better material will be available for this year from which an effective team can be trained. From last year's team we will have Kinnear, McConnell, Gordon and Maybank, while much additional strength will be found in Rule, Gibson, Talbot, Ferguson, Ruzicka, Cruickshank, Carnett and Burgess. Several of these are newcomers, but they have had much experience elsewhere.

#### Track Men

Track activities are again evident at the grid. Don Gardiner, President of Track this year, has again secured

were thrown upon their own resources to erect on a new earth, a new heaven, and behold, if we do not find our work good, that in itself must not be offered as a criticism. There stands our achievement; sheet-metal covered or red wooden elevators; houses either square and yellow, or squat, small and paintless; barbed wire fences (the ugly insignia of private ownership); signboards in billious reds, yellows and greens; hotels rising straight into the air, presenting square regular sides to pink flat surfaces; useless gigantic name signs on the backs of buildings; deserted service stations with antiquated gasoline pumps; and so on without end. It is rather a hopeless spectacle.

But at large there have been no guiding traditions, and economic greed has stamped them out wherever they may have become temporarily insistent. In the quest for economic supremacy, and mastery over nature (by torturing the life out of her), not only have cultural interests been displaced, but a new and ephemeral business tradition has displaced them. I have taken the architecture of Main Street only as a symbol, but it is more than that, it is a portent. That shapeless mass of wood and brick is only a reflection of its people's aspirations. It is a gloomy, inescapable monument commemorating all that we have not done in literature and the fine arts; it is also our masterpiece.

I often wonder if the great Sir Wilfrid Laurier might not have been maliciously sarcastic when he declared that even as the nineteenth century had been for the United States, the twentieth century would be for Canada. Well, it has been, and it has not. We have had our struggle with nature as they had it. But we have not succeeded in the economic field as they have done. On the contrary, the milk and honey of Canada has flown into American buckets. We are a poor imitation and no rival. Again, the American frontier in its course westward was not the scene of great literary and artistic achievement. That is too much to expect, for the arts spring up in the midst of plenty. But our frontier days are over, so is the war prosperity based on an abnormal demand for wheat. We are in the economic doldrums, not only because of a world-wide condition beyond our control, but because an abnormal demand which Canadian wheat supplied and which led to abnormal rates of profit, is now being supplied normally again. (I mean, of course, that Russian wheat is again produced for export.) We clamour (through our vociferous premier) to be given a preference, that we may pursue the old goal again, that goal towards which the United States has already outdistanced us. The fine swagger of anti-American prejudice will avail us nothing; we are a nation which must be willing to be taken at face value.

The Canadian west is horrible in many ways because its ideals have been horrible, and its unlovely ideals are based on an unlovely economic greed. Rugged individualism is dead and the west is beginning to realize it. For individualism, with its non-interference in other people's business, has allowed the grotesqueries of our western civilization to persist. Planned economy can prevent mushroom economic growths, it can prevent the misdirection of energy which is such a glorious achievement of our present order, it can create stability where there is now only confusion. When the West begins to make its dim realization of this fact a political and social reality we can expect a change. Not till then.

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### MISS JOSIE KOPTA MISSING FROM TEAM

(Continued from Page Seven)

son in jumps, Garfin in jumps, Piercy, Crosby and Bun Smith.

#### Josie Kopta Missing

Although Josie Kopta, veteran of many a meet, will be missed greatly, an exceptionally strong team is expected from the ladies, with such former stars as Helen Ford, Ruth Freeman, Jenny Filipkowski and Gwen Nixon, and with the addition of several Freshettes, among them Beatrice Gillespie, Irene Barnett and Ruth Carlyle, who have been practising conscientiously for some time.

#### Training Period Short

Last year Varsity fared well at the Intervarsity Track Meet in Saskatoon, but was unsuccessful in bringing home the trophy. However, one of the members of its team, Harold Riley, tied with a University of Saskatchewan athlete for the individual championship, and another, Jenny Filipkowski, won the ladies' individual championship. This year better results are hoped for, and interest will be centred on the forerunner of this big event, the track meet on Saturday. The fact that the date is soon after registration makes the training period very short, but from all indications the meet Saturday will be one of the most successful in years.

Dr. Warren—Why does a woman marry a man?  
Senior James—Because there's nothing else for her to marry.—The Hornet.

"Kiefer Sauls Weds Domestic Science Teacher."—Y News headline.

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